

1015 + 305

MSB Special Features This Issue
By Waterways to Gotham
Kokopelli Kruise - Guillemot Kayaks



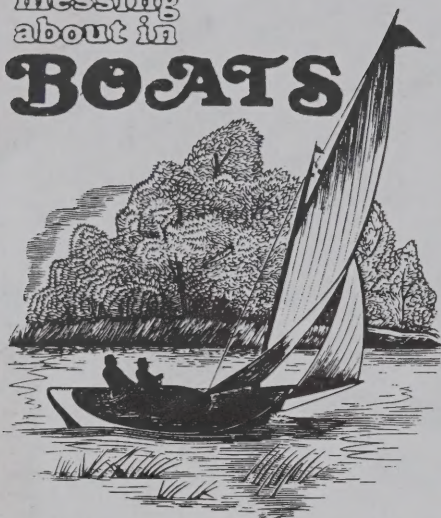
messing about in BOATS

Volume 15 - Number 16

January 1, 1998



messing about in BOATS



29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984-1943.
(978) 774-0906, no machine. Bob Hicks,
Editor/Publisher.

Volume 15 - Number 16
January 1, 1998

What's This?

Another January 1, 1998 Issue?

Yeah, I know, that's what it said on the cover of the last issue you got, the purple one. But that was the December 15th issue that I dated ahead in error. You didn't miss it, but I sure did. Gotta pay more attention...

In Our Next Issue...

Tim Weaver's report on the "Mid Atlantic Small Craft Festival", with photos from the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, will be our main feature. Mac McCarthy will take us on another "Okefenokee Get Together" and the Mariner's Museum of Newport, News, Virginia announces its new historic photo exhibition in "Maritime Album".

Wayne Grieco tells of the resurrection of a once loved project boat in "At Last"; Richard Dix describes the pitfalls experienced at the launch ramp in "First Launch"; John Callahan sends "Notes from the Coastal Zone"; Rick Klepper continues his "Musings from Mustique"; and we travel up the west shore of Lake Michigan with Lewis Freeman in the second installment of his 1920's era book, "By Waterways to Gotham".

Those "Hawaiian Outrigger Canoes" that showed up on our pages in last summer's Blackburn Challenge Race report return to our pages in spectacular photos from Ted Ralston; Robb White looks back to "The Tin Canoe of World War Two"; we have a look at "Ray's Electrocat" pontoon cruiser; and if space permits we'll begin a design series on the Amateur Yacht Research Society in Michael Badhams' "Wild Ideas, Worthwhile Goals".

On the Cover...

The peripatetic Jim Thayer happily sails his A-Duckah on this year's Kokopelli Kruise on Arizona's Lake Powell amidst spectacular scenery. His adventure is featured in this issue.

Commentary...

I took some time before writing this column to look through the 24 issues from 1997 and refresh my memory about the variety of interesting small boat designs or design concepts that we published. Quite a range. The list might stimulate your memory also.

Skillygalee Sharpie by Phil Bolger.
Fife Rowboat by Glen L Marine.
First Tri Trimaran by Mark Fisher.
The Skimmer Sea Kayak Kit by Seabright Kayaks.

Lucky Pierre Dory by Glen L Marine.
Aere Inflatable Catamaran by NuWave.
Camper Sailing/Rowing Cruiser by Phil Bolger.

Shantyboat by Bill Foden.
Kayak Trimaran by Herb Telshaw.
Penobscot 14 Skiff by Arch Davis.
Petesboat Sailing Houseboat by Jim Michalak.

Vireo Rowboat by Jim Michalak.
Family Schooner by Phil Bolger.
Wineglass Wherry by Pygmy Boats.
Flying Proa from John Scull.
Sunrise & Sunset Double Paddle Canoes by Stillwater Boats.

Puzzle Boat Kits by Flounder Bay.
Early Electric Launches by Phil Bolger.
Bolger Retriever, Ranger R21, Nimble Vagabond & C Dory 22 Power Cruisers from Jim Lacey.

Black Fly 8 Tender by Platt Monfort.
Lily Electric Launch by Phil Bolger.
Ray Electric Explorer Launch by Morton Ray.

Bahama Mama Sailing Cruiser by Gary Clement.
Amherst Galley Sailing/Rowing Cruiser by Phil Bolger.

Wee 3 Skiff by Douglas McNary.
Vagrant 20 Camping/Cruising Powerboat by Adam Zielinski.
Built by Eye Skiffs by Robb White.
Modified Lawton Tender by Chris Stickney.

Handy Billy Power Launch by Harry Bryan.
Exploration 18 Daysailer by Jean Grenier.

Pirogue 12 Sailing Skiff by Phil Bolger.
Fury Australian 16 Sailing Racing Skiff from Annie Kolls.
Muskoka Lake Skiff from John Duncan.

Peregrine Racing & Picnic Rowboat, Merlin Rowboat, Ellen 12 & 14 Sailing/Rowing Dinghies by John Brooks.
Spare Parts Homemade Trimaran by Scott Lamson.

No Frills 15 Sailing Cruiser by John Pruitt.

Ben Franklin 1700's Mini Sailing Replica by Charles Fortson.

Chebacco 20 Daysailer by Phil Bolger.
Three Sisters Amusement Park Paddlewheeler by Lee Hartman.

\$50 Mostly New Material Sailboat by Jim Delcamp.

Li'l Beauty Kayak by Walter Head.
Summer Afternoon Schooner by Yves-Marie de Tanton.

Riviera & Monaco Classic Runabouts by Glen L Marine.

Col. H.G. Hasler Minimum World Cruiser Single Hander by Phil Bolger.

Rain Drop Shantyboat by Rags Ragsdale.

Lucy Schooner Daysailer by Tom Wells.

Larinda 1700's Revenue Cutter Replica by Larry Mahan.

Sea Bird '86 Yawl by Phil Bolger.
Sea Fever Kayaks by Greg Redden.

Volskinder Kayaks by Gerry Gladwyn.

Independence Day Proa by James Flint.
New Beshushka Power Cruiser by Ira Goldstein.

Little Pete 12, Peterboat 16, Outred 12 & 16, Georgian Bay 12 & 16 Sailing/Paddling Canoes by John Hupfield.

Cruising Kayak by Phil Bolger.
Tug-A-Lug Mini Tugboat by Berk Eastman.

Teen Luff Perfect Trainer by Ronald Noe.

Spoonbill Sailing/OB Skiff by Conrad Natzio.

Motor Whaleboats of Dog Island by Robb White.

Foamboat by Sam Overman.
Rangeley Boat & Mini Grand Laker by Tony Dias & Newfound Woodworks.

Hickman Sea Sleds from Howard Johnson.

The Wooden Sandbox by Tom Hopkins.

One Sheet Skiff by Herb McLeod.
St. Valery Normandy Sailing Lugger by Phil Bolger.

Autonaut Self Propelled Boat by H. Linden.

True Rocket Sloops by A.R. True.
Portage Bay Skiff by Marty Loken.

Merry Wherry by Ron Mueller.
River Dories by Ray Heater.
Hovercraft from Steve Krzysko.

Cruising Chebacco Sailing Cruiser by Phil Bolger.

DD-18 Cruising Canoe by Dennis Davis.

This list includes not only professional designs but also amateur designs and a few replica designs, and ranges from serious ocean cruising to backyard pond rowing and paddling. The budgets also range widely from a \$50 skiff to multi-thousand dollar ocean capable sailboats. An eclectic mix indeed. This is the stuff that contributes to making this magazine so interesting for me to publish every couple of weeks. No slavish devotion to dogmatic views or the established wisdom.

So, here it is now 1998 and I invite all of you to continue to share your boating dreams, designs, or concepts with all of us. Professionals take advantage of our pages to make known what you offer. Amateurs continue to delight us with your useful as well as whimsical concepts. Be it a single photo and short squib or a comprehensive catalog listing of designs, I welcome them.

The one overriding criterion is simply, is your design (or designs) likely to be of interest to small boat folks like us all? If you need it, take some guidance from this list of what we published in 1997. Pretty wide open field I'd say.

Narragansett Bay's Wintering Seals



Safe Viewing Guide

Every fall, harbor seals come from the coasts of Maine and Canada to winter in the warm and protected waters of Narragansett Bay. Even though seals seem playful in the water and curious about everything, including us, they are actually very sensitive to human disturbance. Seals come under great stress when approached by humans and boaters.

To view seals without disturbing them, please follow these simple guidelines:

Viewing from land: Use binoculars or a spotting scope to view seals from a distance. Leash or control your dog while walking on the beach.

Viewing by boat: Use binoculars to view seals from a distance. Maintain a parallel direction. Be aware of seals' behavior. If the seals stretch their necks and chest high into the air, back off immediately.

Never handle or try to "rescue" seals.

Boaters' Impact on Seals

The most common disturbance of seals is from recreational boaters, especially those exploring the Bay by kayak or canoe. Ironically, these seemingly unobtrusive boats can be the most disruptive and cause the seals to panic, even if you are up to one-half mile away. Hauled-out seals may interpret the low silhouettes of kayaks and canoes as stalking.

In fact, if seals leave their haul-out site due to any type of disturbance, it is considered harassment and is a breach of the Marine Mammal Protection Act.

Effects of Disturbance on Seals

Seals "haul-out" (sit) on rocks, ledges and trenches to rest and sun themselves. While agile in water, seals are clumsy on land and are much more vulnerable when they are hauled-out on rocks. The smallest, seemingly insignificant, disturbance can cause seals to abruptly leave the rocks and ledges on which they rest for the safety of the water.

Any time seals are disturbed, even unintentionally, there is a negative impact on these animals. An isolated incident may in fact be one of several disturbances throughout the day. This quick transition from a restful state to one of panic may severely stress the mammals.

Seals typically only rest at low-tide, significantly limiting their available but much needed resting time. Any disturbance to seals by boats or onlookers from the shore during this time can cause a negative effect on seals' physiology.

Tips For Responsible Viewing

Pass at a distance: Avoid surprising seals hauled-out on ledges and give them the widest berth possible. If you must pass a ledge on which seals are hauled-out, hug the shoreline farthest from the ledge. This will allow you to "blend in."

Maintain a parallel direction: Maintain a parallel course. This is far less threatening than a direct approach and allows the animals to see that you are merely passing by. Avoid sudden changes in course or speed.

View the seals discretely: From water: Restrain your impulse to get close to the seals. As you pass, do not engage in activity the seals may view as stalking (taking photos, etc). If you wish to observe their behavior, do so from land (not from the seal ledges) using binoculars or a spotting scope. From land: If you walk your dog along the shoreline, make sure your dog is on a leash or in control. Seals can abandon rocks if dogs swim near haul-out sites.

Leave stranded seals alone: Never handle or try to "rescue" seal pups that appear abandoned. If you are concerned about a seal that is stranded, being harassed, sick or dead, please contact Mystic Marinelife Aquarium at (203) 572-5955 or The De-

partment of Environmental Management's Division of Enforcement at (401) 277-2284 or (800) 448-1336.

Warning signs: If the seals stretch their necks and chests high into the air or start to move towards the water, back off immediately. This indicates that the seals are preparing to flee. If the seals do enter the water, leave the area immediately to avoid inflicting additional stress on the animals.

Tell others: Please provide other kayakers with information about safe viewing.

Observing other wildlife: Some of these techniques apply when observing other types of wildlife. Wintering ducks, wading birds and shorebirds are also sensitive to disturbance. Every time a bird or seal is disturbed, the energy used in avoidance behavior depletes the animal's store of energy, decreasing the total energy available for other life-supporting behaviors.

For more information about Narragansett Bay's wintering seal population or to receive a Save The Bay Marine Mammal Guide, please call Save The Bay's Seal Monitoring Coordinator Betsy Greer at (401) 272-3540.

"The Old Ed Stories"

By Eric P. Russell



Shipwreck

I was talking with my friend Jan Christensen the other day and he mentioned that he had been shipwrecked on good Friday, 1977. He had been living on the sloop *Adelante* while teaching the owner's son how to sail. During the week he lived aboard in the harbor of Cruz Bay, John, U.S.V.I. On the weekends he lived ashore in the owner's apartment and had the use of an MG convertible. He was living the true boat bum life.

For reasons of his own, the owner decided to transit from St. John to San Juan, Puerto Rico. Jan crewed and invited his then girl friend along for the trip.

Jan had always had bad luck on Good Friday and the few days around it so he should have known better than to make a sailing trip right then. It is his personal Friday the 13th.

The trip was going fine, but it was getting on towards evening. Those were the days before the current era of electronic navigation. Due to either natural or human action, buoys and markers were often marginal or missing in that part of the world. Following the chart, Jan's boss identified what he thought was the entrance to Culebrita Island, which had a good anchorage and was a good stopover on the way to San Juan.

Halfway into the inlet they struck a reef in what turned out to be the wrong bay of the right island. The one they wanted would have been another half hour or so along. The boat was fast on the reef, holed, and taking on water faster than they could pump. After trying to save her for several hours, they gave up and swam ashore. Jan sustained severe and painful coral stings. He still bears the scars. It was a miserable night. They had only the clothes they were wearing.

The following morning the owner took the dinghy to go for help. Jan swam out to *Adelante* to salvage what he could. When he got there he found that almost everything he owned was gone. The only clothes he had were a pair of ragged swim trunks and a tee shirt. His guitar was still shock corded into the upper bunk. A bottle of Cutty Sark scotch was floating in the bilge. Jan still has the guitar. Had it been on the other side of the boat the water would have ruined it. Feeling pretty down he swam back to shore.

As he waded ashore he realized that he was actually living every sailor's dream. He was stranded on a desert island with a beautiful woman and a bottle of good scotch. Although he is not really a scotch drinker he still has a soft spot for Cutty Sark.

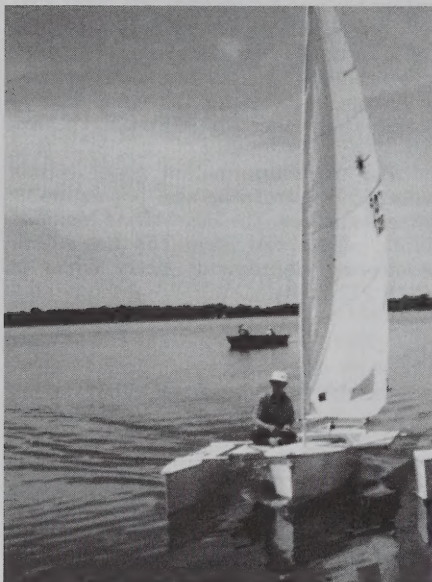
You write to us about..

Your Experiences...

Boat Ride for a Handicapped Kid

I was asked by a park manager last summer if I would use my 10' trimaran to give a handicapped kid a ride. I was pleased to do so and took along two adults with the youngster. My tri is very stable. It is fitted with a 76sf Laser sail.

Ken Currie, Ft. Wayne,



Brought Back Memories

Bill Stoyes' report on the "Cruise of the Small Craft" in the October 15th issue brought back so many memories that I had a hard time not loading up my Kristjanson dory and heading down to the Bay area. My congratulations to all those with their sail, oar and paddle boats who went on that wonderful adventure.

In my years as a fire fighter in San Jose, California, I cruised in the Bay area and the Delta so much that on later cruises I left my charts in my dry box and did those islands, channels and tidewaters from memory. Since then sometimes I still get out those charts, though. Does anyone remember *Sunset Magazine's Chart Books*?

There is no better messing about in water than in the Sacramento, San Joaquin Delta and I sometimes wish I had retired on a boat there amongst those islands.

Please, Bill, let us all know when the next cruise will be on the Delta, I'll sure try to be there.

Rags Ragsdale, Florence, OR

The Christmas Flotilla

The annual Wrightsville Beach "Christmas Flotilla" takes place on the Saturday after Thanksgiving. It features a parade of some 30 to 40 lighted and decorated boats of all shapes and sizes, and ends with spectacular (professional) fireworks set off from barges in the salt marsh. Crowds on the shore are estimated from 7,000 to 10,000, depending on the weather, and well over 100

recreational boats anchor out to view the spectacle.

For the past several years, I have been aboard one of the nine Coast Guard Auxiliary boats that work with the Wrightsville Beach Coast Guard Station and the North Carolina Wildlife officers to mark that boat parade route, keep the channel for the procession clear, and be available in case of any maritime emergency.

It is generally very pleasant duty. We leave the dock about 5pm, motor the 17 miles up the ICW from Carolina Beach to Wrightsville, anchor in our designated position, and turn on our flashing red/yellow safety light. But it can be cold, and it can be wet. My 1997 regatta patrol was aboard a 32' trawler, solid comfort compared to previous years on my own 18' center console.

The after-boat-parade fireworks end shortly after 9pm. Auxiliarists allow half to three-quarters of an hour for the spectator boats to disperse, and then head back down the ICW at a speed much slower than our outbound trip, as most of the daymarks are unlighted. We can count on being secured before midnight.

With a comfortable boat (such as the trawler), a congenial crew, and passable weather, it can be a very pleasant evening. Generally, once on station, we Auxiliarists can be spectators with ringside seats. But there are incidents.

Two years ago thunderstorms were threatening at parade time. I did not envy the committee chairman who had to make the "go-no go" decision. Just before the "go" was announced, there was a major thunder-clap followed by a radio call, source not identified. "Committee chairman, one more like that and I'm out of here!"

The following year saw much better weather. It was cool (55 degrees) but clear with no wind. About halfway along the parade route, an unauthorized sailing vessel broke into the procession. It was crewed by three young men wearing boat shoes, and nothing else! They had taken on sufficient antifreeze and did not seem to feel the cold, even when one of the shoreline watchers turned a garden hose on them. It presented an interesting jurisdictional question with the active duty Coast Guard yielding to the Wildlife Officers for the "honor" of the arrests.

Like most regatta duty performed by the Auxiliary, the "Christmas Flotilla" is generally all pleasure. Several years ago, however, and before my time, a decorated and lighted barge being towed by a small outboard sprang a leak. The extra weight of the water overpowered the "tug," and Auxiliary boats had to provide a tow and remove the barge's occupants before they had an unanticipated swim. Having an Auxiliary facility with proper equipment and a trained crew was, at the very least, helpful. As we say in the trade, "Semper Paratus."

Tom Shaw, USCG Auxiliary, Wilmington NC

Learned So Much

Your magazine has been great. I've learned so much about sailing and small craft from it. I built two of Jim Michalak's Toto design and have had many relaxing great days cruising.

Pat Mulligan, Amagansett, NY

Your Needs...

Affordable Knives

Used heavy-duty British Navy clasp knives (knife, marline spike, can opener) for sale by Atlanta Cutlery (Box 839, Conyers, GA 30207, telephone 800-883-0300) at a price of two for \$10 (plus shipping) strike me as a superb bargain. The blades (Item #1-094) are chunky, the marline spikes are very sharp, and the cases are rugged, but best of all, the blades on all the ones I bought are not stainless steel, so they take a fine edge. All arrived dirty, oily, and bit rusted, some had British sailor identification numbers painted on them, and some are much older than others, but all cleaned up well with a bit of effort. The knives seem excellent to me, and the price means all of us can keep one aboard as a spare.

John Stilgoe, Norwell, MA

Your Opinions...

A Few Things About Rowing

I am 80 and row a lot, both winter and summer. I think my rowing has been of great benefit to my overall health.

A few years ago an article in this magazine about a rear view mirror for rowers caused me to buy one. It was designed to mount on the oar, but as I always feather my oars it was not satisfactory. I eventually mounted the mirror just aft the starboard oar on the gunwale. It took some getting used to after getting it into the right position, but it does give me a view of just what is ahead.

I row in canals here in Naples, there are docks in front of almost every house with yachts of all sizes tied to them, but I can row along past them with hardly a glance over my left shoulder. The mirror is also useful rowing in open areas as I can see ahead to pick out boats, buoys and whatever. It is a good rig.

Richard Knight, 321 Burning Tree Dr., Naples, FL 34105.

Bent Boats

Richard Carsen's "Bent Boats & the Direction of the Wind" in the November 1st issue made me realize that I have had some experience with this bent boat phenomenon.

While serving on a minesweeper after WWII in the Caroline Islands I observed large double canoes with asymmetrical hulls going to windward making what I call "windway" as opposed to "leeway". Their tacking, consisting of carrying the mast to the other end of the boat, was to our eyes a bit primitive but they did it in a time frame that would do credit to a well worked up 12 meter crew.

Years later I acquired a dory with less flare to the sides than most dories. It had moderate rocker. To my great surprise this boat would make "windway" on a tack. I think with the boat sailing on her ear as she did, the bottom rocker gave her a lift to windward.

I have also used foil technique with leeboards and bilge keels and found it reduces the leeway.

John Erickson, Shelton, WA.

About Canoe Safety

Basically I agree with your comments in "Small Boat Safety" in the December 1st issue. I would like to add some comments. You made the same mistake the victims made in suggesting that "it is scarcely a half mile wide". As I remember it is also one of the most treacherous parts of Moosehead Lake. The news reports were correct in leaving that bit of information out.

What I find interesting is that the people involved were wearing their life jackets. If they hadn't been, the story would have ended with another warning on the dangers of going boating without wearing life jackets. With society trying to make boating safer, it has to a certain extent removed the individual's responsibility for his own safety. A superficial reading of boating safety literature would suggest that all one needed was a life jacket to be safe. Apparently there was a false sense of security because they were wearing life jackets. Maybe without that they would have checked the weight limit their canoe could hold. Reading that little plaque on their boat and doing some simple math might have saved their lives.

The thing that really motivated me to write was your comment about canoes, or maybe I should say inexperienced canoeists. I discussed my plans with a local person for a two week canoe and camping trip exploring parts of Moosehead. I asked him just how safe I was on the lake with my 20' Grumman canoe. We were looking at some of the big boats on the lake.

He asked me if I stayed close to the shore and did a minimum number of crossings, such as across a bay. I said yes. Then he surprised me by saying I was a lot safer than those people with their big boats. There were times when they should not be out on the lake. Because of their size they would have to fight the waves. I could take my canoe ashore and wait for the storm to blow over. The 20' Grumman was a popular boat in northern Maine for just those two reasons.

John Larkin, Hamburg, NY

Editor Comments: I do not condemn the canoe as unsafe, I suggest it appears so innocuous to uninitiated non-boaters that they just jump in and paddle off into conditions not appropriate for canoeing or their skill level.

Kayak Just Another Small Boat

Although all my on-the-water time is now spent paddling my sea kayak after 35 years of sailing small boats, I still look forward to each issue. I do wish that you hadn't decided to eliminate kayaks, their design, construction and use from the magazine. They are, after all, just another kind of small boat. *Atlantic Coastal Kayaker* just doesn't do it for me.

John Meyers, Holmdel, NJ

Editor Comments: I welcome kayaking articles. ACK was created to cater to the fast growing consumer kayaking public as so much was happening. The small boat messabouter who happens to like kayaks still can find room on our pages.

Your Projects...

Monomoy Restoration

Old Ghost, a Monomoy that was designed in 1937 by Spaulding Dunbar and built in 1938, one of seven built and the only one left that we know of, is our most recent restoration project. It took over a year and a \$40,000 estimated budget.

We installed new frames, keel and transom, and replanked the hull. The owner, Allan McClennan, finished it off. *Old Ghost* measures 24'6" loa, 19'6" lwl, 7'2" beam, 18" draft, 260sf sail area.

Arey's Pond Boat Yard, Box 222, S. Orleans, MA 02662.



Deliberate Backyard Builder

I'm passing my carefully saved back issues along to my son. He and his wife are expecting their first child. Ever the true and deliberate backyard boatbuilder, he writes, "Once I get the porch painted, that attic insulated, the kitchen table finished, the leaves raked, and the garden and compost squared away for winter, then I'll think about a Peapod cradle. But I'd better make the full-scale version out of the proper lumber if I expect this kid to get any use out of it. So there you have it, finally, justification for my next boat!"

Ian R. Walker, Stonington, ME

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half so much worth doing



as simply messing about in boats.

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Antique Outboard Motor Club, RR Box 9195, Spirit Lake, IA 51360.
Chesapeake Bay Chapter ACBS, P.O. Box 6780, Annapolis, MD 21401.
Lawley Boat Owners Association, P.O. Box 242, Gloucester, MA 01931-0242. (508) 281-4440.
N.E. Chapter Antique & Classic Boat Society, 140 Powers Rd., Meredith, NH 03253, (603) 279-4654.
Old Boats, Old Friends, P.O. Box 081400, Racine, WI 53408-1400. (414) 634-2351.
Penn Yan Owners, c/o Bruce Hall, Rt. 90, King Ferry, NY 13081.

BOATBUILDING INSTRUCTION

Alder Creek Boatworks, 15011 Joslyn Rd., Remsen, NY 13438. (315) 831-5321.
Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624. (315) 686-4104.
Apprenticeship of Rockland, Box B, Rockland, ME 04841, (207) 594-1800.
Brookfield Craft Center, P.O. Box 122, Brookfield, CT 06804, (203) 775-4526.
Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109. (206) 382-2628.
Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 636, St. Michaels, MD 21663. (410) 745-2916.
Connecticut River oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475. (860) 388-2343, (860) 388-2007.
Floating the Apple, 400 W. 43rd St. 32R, New York, NY 10036. (212) 564-5412.
Glenmar Community Sailing Center, c/o Back River Recreation Council, 8501 La Salle Rd. Suite 211, Towson, MD 21286. (410) 252-9324.
John Gardner School of Boatbuilding, Box 2967, Annapolis, MD 21404, (410) 867-0042.
International Yacht Restoration School, 28 Church St., Newport, RI 02840, (401) 849-3060.
Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, RR#3 Box 4092, Vergennes, VT 05491. (802) 475-2022.
Mariners' Museum, 100 Museum Dr., Newport News, VA 23607-3759, (804) 596-2222.
Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685. (616) 946-2647.
North Carolina Maritime Museum, Harvey W. Smith Watercraft Center, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516, (919) 728-7317.
North House Folk School, P.O. Box 759, Grand Marais, MN 55604, (218) 387-9762.
Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding, 251 Otto St., Port Townsend, WA 98368. (206) 385-4948.
RiversWest Small Craft Center, P.O. Box 82686, Portland, OR 97282. (503) 236-2926.
San Francisco Maritime National Historic Park, Bldg. E, Fort Mason Center, San Francisco, CA 94123. (415) 929-0202.
South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St., New York, NY 10038. (212) 748-8600.
Sterling College, Craftsbury Common, VT 05827, (802) 586-7711.
Wooden Boat School, P.O. Box 78, Brooklin, ME 04616. (207) 359-4651.

BOATING SAFETY INSTRUCTION

U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary Flotilla 403, 315 Paradise Rd., Swampscott, MA 01907. (617) 599-2028.

CONTEMPORARY YACHTING

Amateur Yacht Research Society (AYRS), c/o Frank Bailey, 415 Shady Dr., Grove City, PA 16127.
Sail Newport, 53 America's Cup Ave., Newport, RI 02840. (401) 846-1983.

ELECTRIC BOATING

Electric Boat Ass'n. of the Americas, P.O. Box 4151, Deerfield Beach, FL 33442. (954) 725-0640.

MARITIME EDUCATION

Lake Schooner Education Association, Ltd., 500 N. harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53202.
Nova Scotia Sea School, 1644 Walnut St., Halifax, NS B3H 3S4, (902) 492-4127.

Activities & Events Organizers '98...

A new year is here and even though winter will be with many of us for several more months we can start to think about what we might want to be doing when our season gets going.

As a center of a sort of small boating communications network, *Messing About in Boats* hears from many, many people. We receive a steady stream of news releases from a variety of organizations which offer activities ranging over the whole messing about scene, and we are frequently asked by individuals to direct them to some special interest group or organization or event.

To expedite this we publish this "Activities & Events Organizers" listing. We cannot possibly publish announcements of the hundreds of activities that take place monthly, and we don't want to spend a lot of time either on the phone or answering letters from individuals inquiring about opportunities. Instead we periodically publish this list and suggest that readers contact any of these that seem to offer what it is they are looking for.

If you do not find what you want in this listing, then contact us, we may be able to help you. But bear in mind that everything we hear goes onto this list, we're not holding anything back.

The River School, 203 Ferry Rd., Old Saybrook, CT 06475. (860) 388-2007.
Sea Education Association, Inc., P.O. Box 6, Woods Hole, MA 02543. (508) 540-3954.
Wisconsin Lake Schooner Education Association, Milwaukee Maritime Cntr., 500 N. Harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53202, (414) 276-7700.
Wooden Boat Foundation, Cupola House, #2 Point Hudson, Port Townsend, WA 98368.

MARITIME MUSEUMS

(Maritime Museum News, P.O. Box 607, Groton, MA 01450-0607, specializes in this field of interest).
Adirondack Museum, Blue Mountain Lake, NY 12812. (518) 352-7311.
Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624, (315) 686-4104.
Calvert Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 987, Solomons, MD 20688, (410) 326-2042.
Cape Ann Historical Association, 27 Pleasant St., Gloucester, MA 01930, (508) 283-0455.
Cape Fear Maritime Museum, 814 Market St., Wilmington, NC 28401, (910) 341-4350.
Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 636, St. Michaels, MD 21663-0636, (410) 745-2916.
Connecticut River Museum, 67 Main St., Essex, CT 06426. (860) 767-8269.
Erie Canal Museum, 318 Erie Blvd. E., Syracuse, NY 13202, (315) 471-0593.
Essex Shipbuilding Museum, Box 277, Essex, MA 01929. (508) 768-7541.
Gloucester Adventure, P.O. Box 1306, Gloucester, MA 01930-1306.
Havre de Grace Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 533, Havre de Grace, MD 21078.
Herreshoff Marine Museum, 7 Burnside St., P.O. Box 450, Bristol, RI 02809. (401) 253-5000.
Hudson River Maritime Museum, 1 Rondout Landing, Kingston, NY 12401. (914) 338-0071.
Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (617) 925-5433.
Independence Seaport Museum, Penns Landing, 211 S. Columbus Blvd, Philadelphia, PA 19106-1415. (215) 925-5439.
Inland Seas Maritime Museum, 4890 Main St., Vermillion, OH 44089.
Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, RR#3, Box 4092, Vergennes, VT 05491. (802) 475-2022.

Lighthouse Preservation Society, P.O. Box 736, Rockport, MA 01966, (508) 281-6336.
Long Island Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 184, W. Sayville, NY 11796. (516) 854-4974.
Maine Maritime Museum, 243 Washington St., Bath, ME 04530. (207) 443-1316.
Marine Museum of Upper Canada, c/o The Toronto Historical Board, 205 Yonge St., Toronto, ON M5B 1N2, Canada, (416) 392-1765.
Maine Watercraft Museum, 4 Knox St. Landing, Thomaston, ME 04861. (800) 923-0444.
Marine Museum of Fall River, Battleship Cove, Fall River, MA 02720, (508) 674-3533.
Mariners Museum, 100 Museum Dr., Newport News, VA 23606-3759. (804) 596-2222.
Maritime & Seafood Industry Museum, P.O. Box 1907, Biloxi, MS 39533, (601) 435-6320.
Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685. (616) 946-2647.
Maritime & Yachting Museum, 9801 S. Ocean Dr., Jensen Beach, FL 34957. (407) 229-1025.
Milwaukee Lake Schooner Inc., P.O. Box 291, Milwaukee, WI 53201-0291. (414) 276-5664.
Mystic Seaport Museum, P.O. Box 6000, Mystic, CT 06355-0990. (860) 572-5315.
New Bedford Whaling Museum, New Bedford, MA. (508) 997-0046.
New Netherland Museum, Liberty State Park, Jersey City, NJ 07305. (201) 433-5900.
North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-7317.
Osterville Historical Society & Museum, 155 West Bay Rd., P.O. Box 3, Osterville, MA 02655, (508) 428-5861.
Peabody-Essex Museum, 161 Essex St. Salem, MA 01970. (508) 745-9500.
Plimoth Plantation, Plymouth, MA. (508) 746-1662.
San Diego Maritime Museum, 1306 N. Harbor Dr., San Diego, CA 92101. (919) 234-9153.
South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St., New York, NY 10038, (212) 748-8600.
Strawberry Banke Museum, P.O. Box 300, Portsmouth, NH 03802, (603) 433-1100.
Toms River Maritime Museum, Water St. & Hooper Ave., P.O. Box 1111, Toms River, NJ 08754, (908) 349-9209.
United States Naval & Shipbuilding Museum, 739 Wash. St., Quincy, MA 02169, (617) 479-7900.
Ventura County Maritime Museum, 2731 S. Victoria Ave., Oxnard, CA 93035. (805) 984-6260.

MODEL BOATING

Cape Ann Ship Modelers Guild, R57 Washington St., Gloucester, MA 01930.
Model Guild of the Ventura County Maritime Museum, 2731 S. Victoria Ave. Oxnard, CA 93035. (805) 984-6260.
North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-7317.
Ship Modelers Association of Southern California, 2083 Reynosa Dr., Torrance, CA 90501. (310) 326-5177.
U.S.S. Constitution Model Shipwright Guild, c/o George Kaiser, 23 Mermaid Ave., Winthrop, MA 02152-1122. (617) 846-3427.
U.S. Vintage Model Yacht Group, c/o John Snow, 78 E. Orchard St., Marblehead, MA 01945, (617) 631-4203.

ONE DESIGN SAILING

American Canoe Association Canoe Sailing, RRI Box 457, Green Lane, PA 18054. (215) 453-9084.
Bridges Point 24 Assoc., c/o Kent Mulliken, 101 Windsor Pl., Chapel Hill, NC, (919) 929-1946.
Cape Cod Frosty Association, P.O. Box 652, Cataumet, MA 02534. (508) 771-5218.
Hampton One-Design, c/o Scott Wolff, 3385 Kings Neck Dr., Virginia Beach, VA 23452. (804) 463-6895.
New England Beetle Cat Boat Assoc., c/o David Akin, 40 Chase Ave., W. Dennis, MA 02670.
San Francisco Pelican Viking Fleet III, P.O. Box 55142, Shoreline, WA 98155-0142.
West Wight Potter's Association, Southern California Chapter, c/o Roland Boepple, 17972 Larcree Cir., Huntington Beach, CA 92647. (714) 848-1239.

PADDLING

ACA New England Division, c/o Earle Roberts, 785 Bow Ln., Middletown, CT 06457.
Connecticut Canoe Racing Association, 102 Snipsic Lake Rd., Ellington, CT 06039. (860) 872-6375.
Finlandia Vodka Clean Water Challenge, 300 Central Park West #2J, New York, NY 10024. (212) 362-2176.
Houston Canoe Club, P.O. Box 925516, Houston, TX 77292-5516. (713) 467-8857.
Hulbert Outdoor Center, RRI Box 91A, Fairlee, VT 05045-9719. (802) 333-3405.
Maine Canoe Symposium, c/o Jerry Kocher, 41 Leighton Rd., Wellesley, MA 02181. (617) 237-1956.
Metropolitan Canoe & Kayak Club, P.O. Box 021868, Brooklyn, NY 11202-0040, (914) 634-9466.
Merrimack River Watershed Council, Lawrence, MA, (508) 681-5777.
New England Downriver Championship Series. (203) 871-8362.
Rhode Island Canoe Association, 856 Danielson Pike, Scituate, RI 02857. (401) 647-2293.
Riverways Programs, Massachusetts Dept. of Fisheries, Wildlife & Environmental Law Enforcement, 100 Cambridge St. Room 1901, Boston, MA 02202, (617) 727-1614 XT360.
Sebago Canoe Club, Paerdegat Basin, Foot of Ave. N, Brooklyn, NY 11226. (718) 241-3683.
Washington Canoe Club, 8522 60th Pl., Berwyn Heights, MD 20740.

ROWING

Amoskeag Rowing Club, 30 Mechanic St., Manchester, NH 03101, (603) 668-2130.
Beaufort Oars, P.O. Box 941, Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-3156.
Cape Ann Rowing Club, P.O. Box 1715, Gloucester, MA 01930, (508) 283-4695.
Cape Cod Viking Club, c/o Bernie Smith, 2150 Washington St., E. Bridgewater, MA 02333. (508) 378-2301.
Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475. (860) 388-2343, (860) 388-2007.
Floating the Apple, 400 W. 43rd St. 32R, New York, NY 10036. (212) 564-5412.
Maine Rowing Assoc., c/o Reg Hudson, P.O. Box 419, Southwest Harbor, ME 04679.
Narragansett Boat Club, P.O. Box 2413, Providence, RI 02906. (401) 272-1838.
New England Open Water Rowing Calendar, Frank Durham, 70 Hayden Rd., Hollis, NH 03049, (603) 465-7920.
Ring's Island Rowing Club, c/o Pike Messenger, 32 Boston St., Middleton, MA 01948. (508) 774-1507.
Riverfront Recapture, 1 Hartford Sq. W, Suite 104, Hartford, CT 06106-1984. (203) 293-0131.

SAFETY EDUCATION

U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary Flotilla 403, c/o Gary Cordette, 315 Paradise Rd., Swampscott, MA 01907. (508) 282-4580.
United States Power Squadrons, National Boating Safety Hotline for course details in your area is (800) 336-BOAT.

SEA KAYAKING

Atlantic Coastal Kayaker, P.O. Box 520, Ipswich, MA 01938, lists all sea kayaking activities that come to our attention..

SMALL BOAT MESSABOUT SOCIETIES

Baywood Navy, 2nd St. Pier, Baywood Park, CA 93402.
Intermountain Small Boat Whatever (Unorganized), Jim Thayer, Rt. 1 Box 75, Collbran, CO 81624, (970) 487-3088.
Midwest Homebuilt Messabouts, Jim Michalak, 118 E. Randall, Lebanon, IL 62254.
Southern California Small Boat Messabout Society, 4048 Mt. Acadia Blvd., San Diego, CA 92111. (619) 569-5277.
Washington Small Boat Messabout Society, Bob Gerfy, Seattle, WA, (206) 334-4878.

STEAMBOATING

International Steamboat Muster, c/o Jean DeWitt, P.O. Box 40341, Providence, RI 02940. (401) 729-6130.
New England Wireless & Steam Museum, 1300 Frenchtown Rd., E. Greenwich, RI 02818, (401) 884-1710.
Steamboating, Rt. 1 Box 262, Middlebourne, WV 26149-9748. (304) 386-4434.
Steamship Historical Society of America, 300 Ray Dr., Suite #4, Providence, RI 02906. (401) 274-0805.

TRADITIONAL SMALL CRAFT

Barnegat Bay TSCA, c/o Tom Johns, 195 Shenandoah Blvd. Toms River, NJ 08753. (908) 270-6786.
Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109. (206) 382-2628.
Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06575. (860) 388-2007, (860) 388-2007.
Delaware Valley TSCA, 482 Almond Rd., Pittsgrove, NJ 08318.
Friends of the North Carolina Maritime Museum TSCA, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516.
Long Island TSCA, c/o Myron Young, Box 635, Laurel, NY 11948. (516) 298-4512.
Oregon TSCA, c/o Robert Young, 16612 Maple Cir., Lake Oswego, OR 97034. (503) 636-7344.
Patuxent Small Craft Guild, c/o George Sargent, 5227 Williams Wharf Rd., St. Leonard, MD 20685. (410) 586-1893.
Potomac TSCA, c/o Bob Grove, 419 N. Patrick St., Alexandria, VA 22314. (703) 549-6746 eves.
Sacramento TSCA, c/o Mike Fitz, 2831 Mattison Ln., Santa Cruz, CA 95065. (408) 476-2325.
South Jersey TSCA, c/o George Loos, 53 Beaver Dam Rd., Cape May Courthouse, NJ 08210. (609) 861-0018.
Traditional Small Craft Association, P.O. Box 350, Mystic, CT 06355.
Traditional Small Craft & Rowing Association of Maine, c/o Jim Bauman, RR 1 Box 1038, S. China, ME. (207) 445-3004.
Traditional Small Craft Club of the Peabody-Essex Museum, P.O. Box 87, N. Billerica, MA 01862. (508) 663-3103.
Tri State TSCA, c/o Ron Gryn, 4 Goldeneye Ct., New Britain, PA 18901. (215) 348-9433.
TSCA of West Michigan, c/o Mark Steffens, 6033 Bonanza Dr., Stevensville, MI 49127. (616) 429-5487.
Upper Chesapeake Baymen TSCA, 3125 Clearview Ave., Baltimore, MD 21234. (410) 254-7957.
Upper Mississippi Small Craft Association, c/o David Christofferson, 267 Goodhue, St. Paul, MN 55102. (612) 222-0261.

TRADITIONAL YACHTING

Friendship Sloop Society, 14 Paulson Dr., Burlington, MA 01803-2820, (617) 272-9658.
Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Society, 31538 Center Ridge Rd., Westlake, OH 44145, (216) 871-8194.
Noank Wooden Boat Association, P.O. Box 9506, Noank, CT 06340.

S.S. Crocker Association, 8 Mill Rd., Ipswich, MA 01938. (508) 356-3065.
Wooden Boat Classic Regatta Series, 323 Boston Post Rd., Old Saybrook, CT 06475, (203) 388-6657.

TUGBOATING

Tugboat Enthusiasts Society of the Americas, 308 Quince St., Mt. Pleasant, SC 29464.
World Ship Society, P.O. Box 72, Watertown, MA 02172-0072.

WATER TRAILS

Maine Island Trail Association, P.O. Box C, Rockland, ME 04841. (207) 596-6456.
North American Water Trails, Inc., 24130 NW Johnson Rd., Poulsbo, WA 98370.
Washington Water Trails Association, 4649 Sunnyside Ave. N. Rm. 345, Seattle, WA 98103-6900. (206) 545-9161.

WOODEN BOATS


Association of Wooden Boatbuilders, 31806 NE 15th St., Washougal, WA 98671.
Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109.
Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Society, 31538 Center Ridge Rd., Westlake, OH 44145, (216) 871-8194.
Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685. (616) 946-2647.
Small Wooden Boat Association of Nova Scotia, P.O. Box 1193, Dartmouth, NS B2Y 4B8, Canada.
The Wooden Boat Foundation, Cupola House, #2 Point Hudson, Port Townsend, WA 98368, (360) 385-3628.
Wooden Canoe Builders' Guild, P.O. Box 247, Carlisle, ON LOR 1H0, Canada, (819) 422-3456.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO ALL ACTIVITY ORGANIZERS

Anyone wishing to present detailed specific information about their events or activities should contact us about advertising. It's inexpensive (as little as \$6 per issue to reach 4,500+ subscribers) and you get all the space you wish to buy.

Advertising should appear in an issue at least a month ahead of the date of the event involved. To meet this lead time we need your ad copy two months (60 days) prior to the date of the event. Events and activities advertising will appear in the 1st issue of each month on our "Happenings" pages where readers will be accustomed to looking for it.

By asking you to pay a modest sum for the space you need, we will be able to pay for the added pages that will come to be necessary to provide this service, something we cannot afford to do at no cost.



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By Jim Thayer

Earlier this summer, while running the Delores with a gang of Salt Lakers, trip leader Steve Axon brought up the idea of sailing Lake

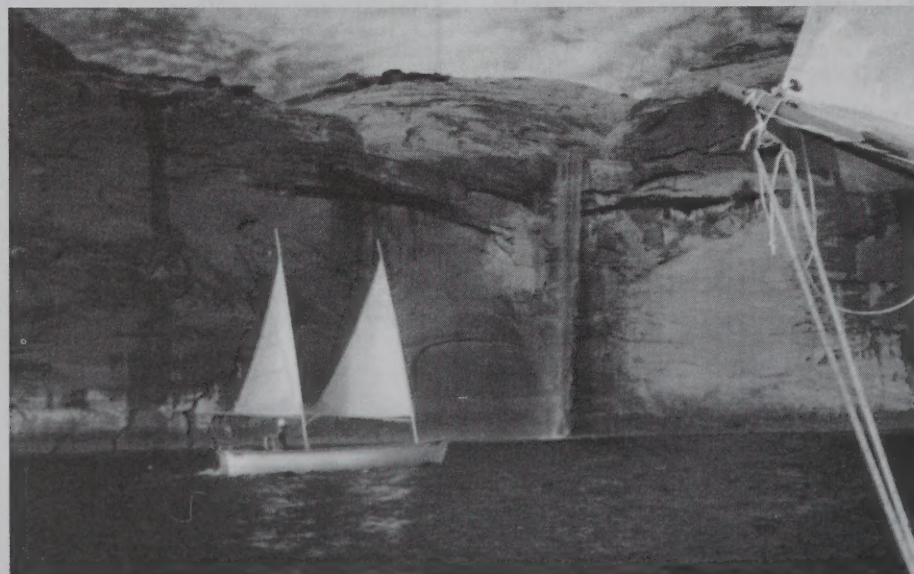
Kokopelli Cruise

Powell. Being a river runner as well as a gentleman and a long-time sailor, he naturally looked at it as a one-way run with a shuttle.



Heavy weather.

Steve approaches Ephemeral Brown Falls.



We would put in at Bullfrog and, with any luck, blow all the way east to Hite.

Late afternoon of September 14 found me crawling across the vastness of eastern Utah, the *A Duckah!* in tow. Nearly all the traffic, save the odd mountain biker, was pulling a trailer, near half scooters, the rest boom boom boats of one kind or another. A few had both, one trailer behind the other.

I was just into third gear after the stop in Hanksville, when my practiced nautical eye saw something out of place among the garish graphics and metal flake, a Sea Pearl. Steve had stopped to check his rig and found a trailer tire with a nasty aneurysm. He was just getting out the jack when I showed up. Turned out his spare was flat but, no problem, mine would fit. With a lot of barren desert ahead, we took his to the hose and found it leaked around the rim. Deflating and stomping while flushing with water affected a cure, and a hour later we were setting up camp at the mouth of the Dirty Devil.

To shorten the shuttle, we had assumed that the *A Duckah!* could either be heaved onto the van roof or loaded on the Pearl. With some grunting and groaning, the *A Duckah!* slid up onto the deck of the Pearl, where she fit like Ron had designed it for her. With the boat off the trailer, I hammered the axle back to center where it belonged. Later Steve wired his exhaust pipe back up. It's nice to travel with someone who shares one's passion for roadside repairs.

It sprinkled much of the night and Monday dawned dreary. We loaded the rest of my stuff into the van, ditched the Nissan at Hite, and split for Bullfrog. There was rain, heavy at times, and some lovely cascades and waterfalls coming off the canyon walls.

Steve, being of the info generation and plugged in as well, was aware of a monster hurricane off Baja which would bring heavy weather to southern Utah. During one downpour, he seriously suggested that we might hole up at the Bullfrog Motel and watch the game. I assured him that there would be sunshine at Bullfrog. Lo and behold, as we descended from the hills, the place was lit as by a celestial spotlight. Steve never questioned any of my pronouncements for the rest of the trip.

The launch was interrupted by a real deluge, but it was short-lived. A light breeze sprang up and we were away with a fair wind, which soon fell light. Steve had said that we would need motors for getting to the heads of side canyons where the good hiking and camping were. I had dug out an Elliott Power Paddle that I had bought years ago and only used a couple of times. After five years of hanging in the shop, it started right up, a testament to running an engine dry before laying up.

The Power Paddle is a bit out of the outboard mainstream. It's a weedeater with a little propeller. I fired this thing up and Steve soon closed in, offering a tow. He said it produced more noise than motion.

The sky-filling, metallic blue-black cloud coming over the Waterpocket Fold was obviously going to get us, internal combustion notwithstanding. We were pretty well drowned by the time we got ashore to wait out the lightning.

By and by, we convinced ourselves that things were quieting down and we took to the water. We soon had a very fresh breeze out of the south which, combined with the leaden sky and soggy suit, had me thinking wistfully of Monday night football.

Things were boisterous enough that I ran into the lee of a point and used my new "Quick Jerk™" reefing system. Worked like a charm except that tying in the points is still a drag. We continued upriver, hard on the wind, with ever larger holes in the overcast, until Steve spied in the distance an impressive brown waterfall. It had attenuated considerably by the time we got to it, but was still worth a photo.

Soon after the waterfall we ducked into a nice little cove. I must have been thinking I had the Limpet (10') when I nosed into a pocket barely big enough to turn the *A Duckah!* around. There followed a series of missteps too embarrassing to recount. Finally extricated from this fiasco, I went charging after Steve and, looking up, saw a rock dead ahead. I managed to clear the hull but popped the board up with such violence that the elastic holdown broke.

Soon after these traumas, Steve found a nice harbor and, although early and a fair wind, we decided to pack it in and dry out. Pushing on when inclined to stop is likely to provoke discomfort or worse.

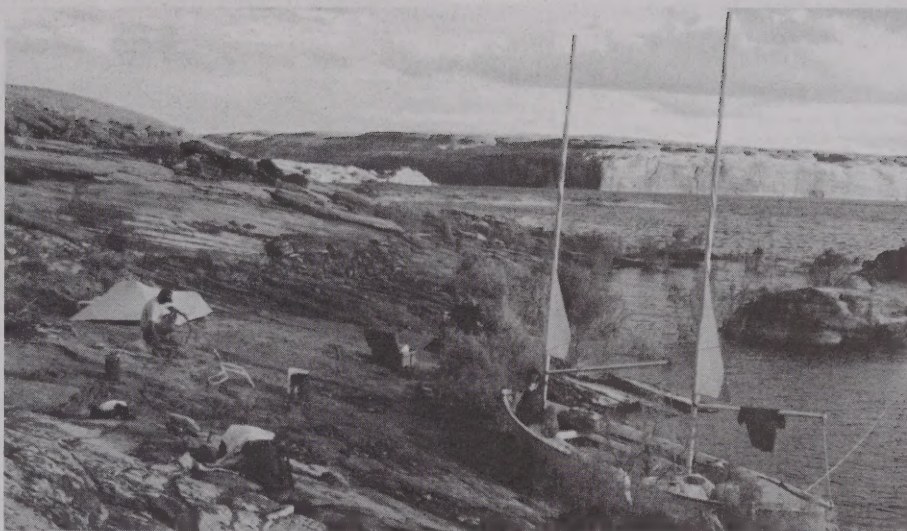
Steve worked his magic with pork and veggies and we rounded out the evening with a classic sunset while enjoying an Indian fire and sucking on a five liter bag of Franzia Autumn Zinfandel. Autumn wine? What a novelty!

With time to contemplate my earlier problem, it became obvious that I should have raised the board and she would have paid off rather than charging ashore every time I pushed her clear. My Pa was forever saying, "Let your head save your back." It hasn't really sunk in yet.

To sum up the day, "All's well that ends well."

Tuesday started with clear blue sky and a typical breakfast wind, one that beckons with sparkling ripples until you finish packing, and then is gone. I rowed quite a way until Steve came along with the motor, and we powered almost to Knowles Canyon, taking time out to explore a slot canyon that, in places, barely had room to swing two oars.

Leaving the slot canyon, we got a nice little breeze which pushed us along at two to



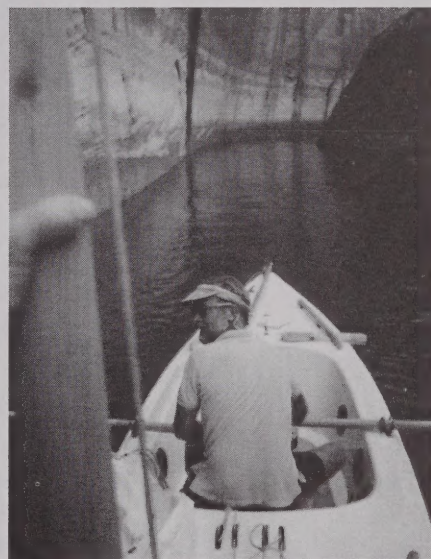
First camp.

three knots, with time out for lunch, all the way to Seven Mile Canyon. After some hair-tearing eddies up to the first bend above the fork, it was a gentle soldier's wind clear to the end. It was just glorious gliding along between sheer 400' to 500' walls watching the next vista unfold. There were several rainy day alcoves with 100' mast clearance.

At the head we threaded through some trees and bushes, then set up camp on a sandy hill. Our neighbor, a Mr. Hall from Moscow, Idaho, came visiting in a peculiar Boy Scout wooden folding kayak. It turned out we had mutual acquaintances in the G.J. Audubon Club. After a sort of Spanish rice entree with a remarkably good Oak Ridge Zinfandel, Steve hit the hay and I set out to write up the log, which is where you find me now.

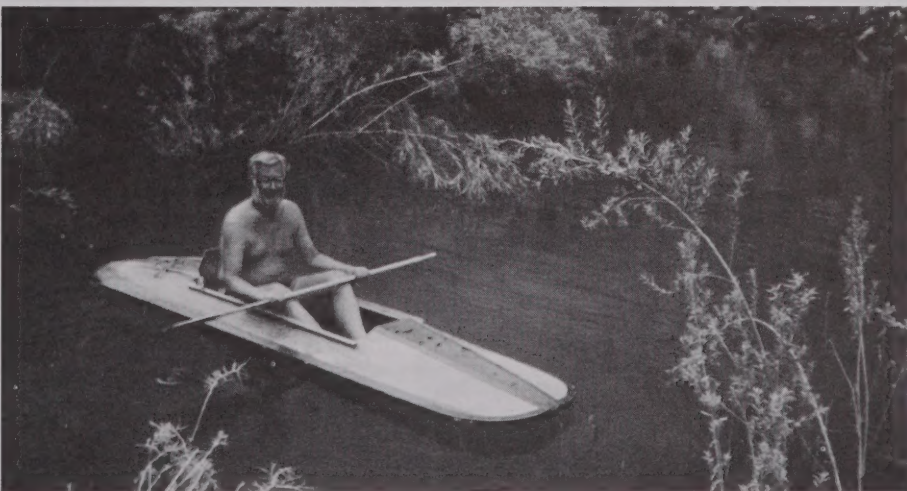
An enterprising toad has come to check what the lantern has attracted. As I sat very still watching the toad, something grabbed my toe. This produced an exclamation and a remarkable whole body spasm. No sign of the provocateur. The toad was unmoved. This attack, together with the loud splashings coming from our jungly lagoon, had me of a mind to go up and crawl in with Steve. Moments later a white-footed mouse came out from behind the Franzia box. The culprit, no doubt. I'm going to bed now, resigned to a lingering death from hantavirus.

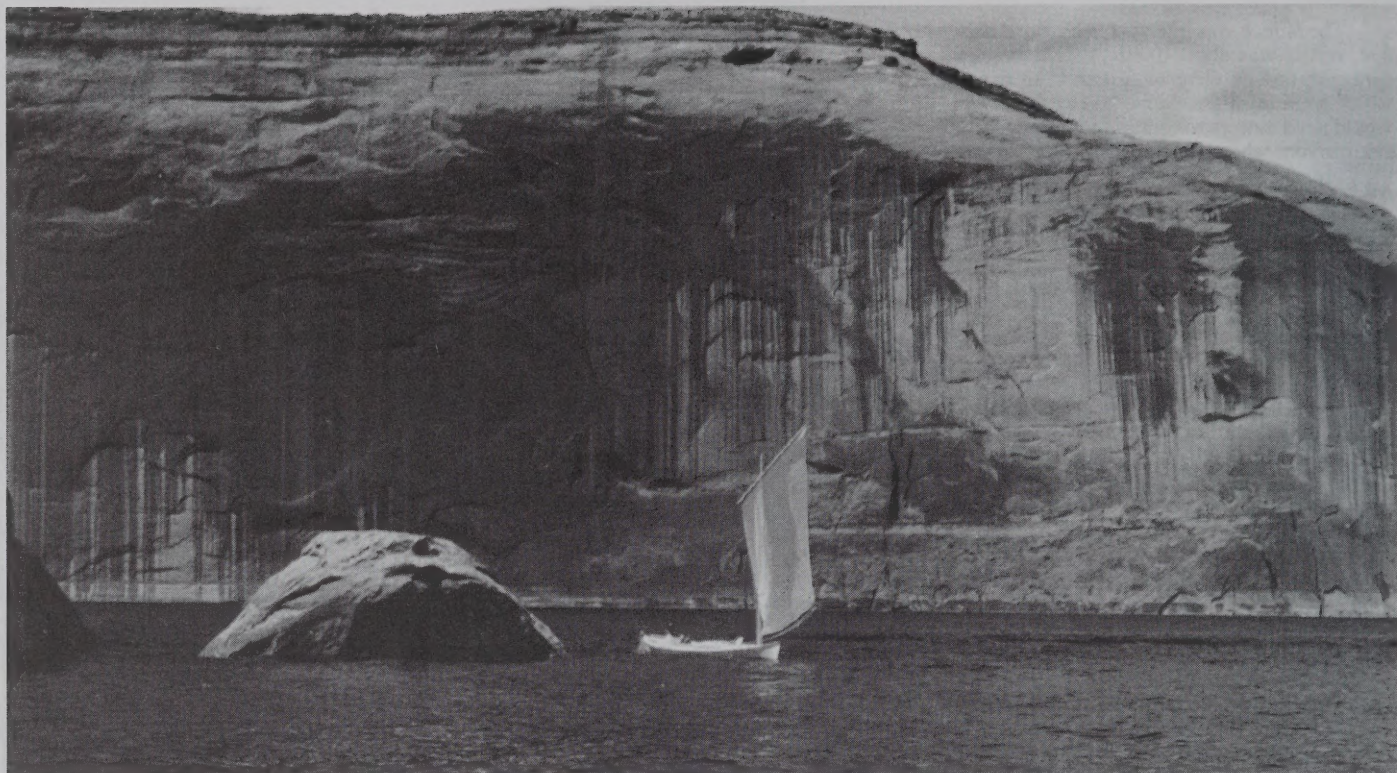
Mr. Hall and the peculiar folding kayak.



Steve rows us out of the slot canyon.

Wednesday morn we took a hike up Seven Mile from the camp, strenuous going in spots. I met Steve coming back and was happy to take his word for what lay ahead. I got away first and was making an easy two,





Awesome walls.



two-and-a-half which got me almost to the mouth of the canyon before Steve showed up under power. He took me in tow and we powered along under massive Wingate walls until nearly into Good Hope Bay

We had a pleasant run along to Ticaboo Canyon, where we powered up to the head, which we decided was a good camp, but upon further consideration decided wasn't as good as a place further down. While discussing the move, a sinister big black bass boat with an outboard the size of a refrigerator came along. He shut down the big engine and flopped an electric over the bow. It was apparently in seeker mode as it followed his casts along the shore. I half expected him to launch a fin-seeking missile.

Steve set to work with the leftovers from the first night, along with a can of refried beans and other stuff, which soon resulted in a large clutch oven full of enchiladas. We might have pretty well wasted it if not for a couple of fishermen who came along and laid two striped fillets on us. After the fish course we couldn't do justice to the Mexican. Steve gamely had a bowl for breakfast.

Thursday I was up early reading *El Principito*, which may have some relevance to what we are doing, and watching four chipmunks checking out the scene. Cute buggers. We powered out and found some breeze waiting. It was close hauled and fluky to start, but soon got some weight in it, and we went scooting off toward the Red Canyon arm of Good Hope Bay. Red Canyon was dead to windward, so we swung around, reached by some islands, and came ashore for lunch in a little bay close under Castle Butte.

From the hilltop where we had lunch, it was apparent that we had a pretty good run in

Left top: Steve at Seven Mile Landing, site of the mouse attack. Left bottom: Steve has about lost the wind.

store, about 15 with an eight-mile fetch. I forgot the wind gizmo and wasn't about to go down the hill after it. After lunch it was a short reach out to the channel and then "Katie bar the door" all the way to the horn. I was towing the Speedtech log, which gave a readout in mph plus distance run and either average speed or max. We were making six plus pretty regularly when a good gust jumped us up to 7-1/4, coincident with an incipient death roll, which Steve commented on later. At first I let her roll but soon decided I had better move around and damp it out.

Further along we began to get some little rollers, about two feet, which, if we got it on just right, jumped the speed to 7-1/2. Impressive, and fun, sort of. Max for the downwind leg was 7.61. I assume the log was underreading, since I took a nick out of the impeller at Utah Lake.

Steve, with two jib-headed sails, easily had the edge to windward, but we were well matched downwind, even thought the *A Duckah!* gave away two to three feet of waterline. Well, it was great while it lasted, but all good things must end, more often in sailing than elsewhere it seems. Once around the horn, about 160 degrees with the wind booming over the low peninsula, things went to hell in a handbasket. We would do five close-hauled interspersed with screaming reaches of a few boat lengths. Then wha' happen? I would tack, around 90 degrees, around 120 degrees, then maybe around 160 degrees. I would find something.

With some difficulty and a modicum of street language, I managed to get reefed, which eased the pressure a little but did nothing for the frustration. Meanwhile, that big boat *Axon* with his high tech outfit, boom vang's yet, sailed off over the horizon and was probably holed up in some cove with a good book.

About 3:00 in the afternoon I passed him and started working my way up Four Mile Canyon. It was heavy going or nothing, but still kind of fun since I had my back-up man behind me. Still, I didn't protest overmuch when the towboat came along. We checked all the likely spots clear to the head of the canyon and then came back giving them another look. The sailor says, "Let's stop here." The rower says, "Looks good to me." But the man with a motor says, "Let's check out the rest. We can always come back."

Well, it paid off. Sandy beach, no bushes, good swimming, flat tent spot, maybe a 7 or 8. Sausage with tomatoes and veggies on mashed potatoes complemented by a Concha y Toro Cabernet, not the least intimidated by the sausage, put the tummies at ease. Mystic Mints for desert, but I never thought to dig out the liqueur. I tell you, this adventuring is no place for pansies.

Clear as a bell tonight, with the Big Dipper just over the rim and the pole star pointing out the first leg for the morrow. It's been a good day.

From our hole in the rocks, Friday looked to be clear, but when we got out in the open there was a decent breeze and clouds in the west. We moved right along, but after an hour or so we fell in a hole. I decided to reef since it looked pretty ominous up over the Henrys. Hooking up for a tow was all it took to bring the wind fresh out of the west. I could have gotten by with a whole sail, but it was much pleasanter to relax, although it did give Steve the edge.



Hiking Seven Mile.



Starting the eternal enchiladas.



Above: No wind up the canyon. Below: Tickaboo (enchilada) camp.



The Hite marina was in sight long before we got there at noon. The ramp was cluttered with two big park service rafts, each with two monster outboards. Looked like the boys had been out having some fun. It reminded me that I had read that the Powell people had bought two \$120,000 patrol boats. Seems like overkill, what with the NPS always crying poor.

We loaded the *A Duckah!* and Steve snuggled the Sea Pearl up in a neat hole to await our return. We got even more rain this time and the waterfalls were better than ever. We were back at Hite about 3:00 and the lake was all whitecaps. Just as we got the Pearl around to the ramp, we got hit by a wall of water squall and had to jump overboard to hold the boat.

Soaked again! It only lasted five minutes, so we were soon on the road.

Back in Hanksville I found that my axle had shifted again, so I got it back in position and clamped a vise grip on it so I could tie it off to one side. Feeling quite clever, I never gave it another thought. At home next morning I found the rope slack and the spring riding against the hub. I had tied it off to the wrong side! Clever, but not too smart.

Some Thoughts

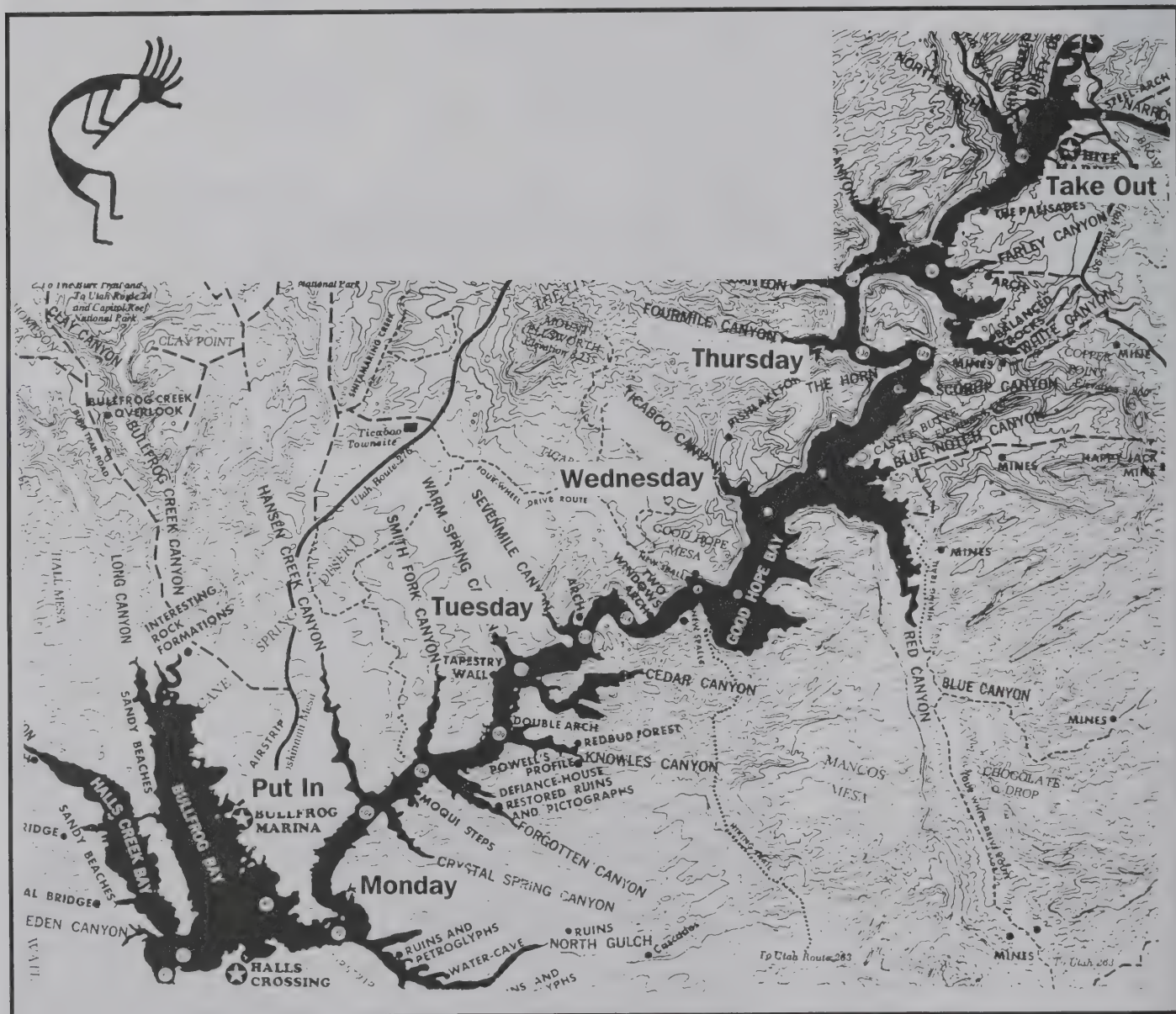
I still like the lug rig (mostly I like its looks), but it's not well suited to a narrow, decked boat like the *A Duckah!*. I can jerk the reef in OK, but if something jams or if I want

to tie in the points, I have to go on deck.

Steve, with his two-masted Pearl, made me a believer in a mizzen. Just snug up the jigger, let the main go, and the boat will weathervane so that you can fool around all you want.

September and October are ideal at Powell, and it's good even into early November. The motorboats never really disappear anymore, but they thin out.

It was a fun trip, and we are already talking about next October, Waweap to Bullfrog next time. Get in touch, the more the merrier. Of course, without an *A Duckah!* one will be handicapped, but whatever. See you on the (fresh, blue) water.



Lake Union Sailors

By Del Kahn

Half a lifetime ago I kept my ketch moored by my home on Lake Union in Seattle. Weekends we would motor through the locks to Puget Sound and sail off somewhere. There was a newly installed float by the ferry dock at Kingston, but it was small compared to the number of boats trying to tie to it. They would often be three and four deep. I decided to wait until fall to sail to Kingston. We did our sailing north from Seattle usually, as I had been raised in Tacoma, south of Seattle, and wanted to experience new territories.

As in every other year in my lifetime, September came right after August and summer began to wind down. It was a more dramatic change on the water then, as the majority of the cruising people were vacationers, often with kids, and when school started yachting almost stopped. These were the days before the outboard cruisers and there were far less people on the water anyway. It took too long for most people to go anywhere in the slower boats, and that meant trying to keep kids occupied far longer than most parents could bear.

We decided it was time to try the float at Kingston. We motored through the locks and started sailing across. There was almost no wind, and eventually we cranked up the gasoline topsail so as to arrive in Kingston at a fashionable dinner hour, just before dark at eight o'clock. The fall weather was cooking up a righteous fog and even though it wasn't nightfall, we still navigated into the harbor by the light on the dock. No other boats were at the dock. This was perfect.

We had a quiet dinner and then strolled up the gangway to the pub for a luxurious quaff of ales. It was a nice change to not beach the skiff above the probable tide line and then drag it back down to the water for the return trip to a boat anchored in the dark somewhere just beyond vision. Also, a skiff larger than our 6-ft. pram would be a constant storage problem aboard a 30-ft. Tahiti ketch. The 6-ft. skiff only held two large people at one time, so it always meant two trips to get all three of us back on board.

Tonight would be different. Tonight we would not think about the tides or winds or anchor dragging. When we left the pub at 1:00 AM the fog was as thick as I had ever seen. I was just barely possible to see the light at the head of the gangway, and I was truthfully quite grateful to be docked rather than anchored in the bay where it was possible to be rammed by something in the dark fog.

About 4:00 AM there was a loud banging on the hull and a bunch of loud yelling. I hit the deck fast to find it was still a really thick fog and there was some sort of dark shape along side. It was another boat. This other boat had an irate loud character making a really obnoxious fuss. "You damned Lake Union sailors are all alike. There should be a law that you aren't allowed outside the locks to foul up the waters for us real sailors. If you knew how to anchor and to tend to your anchor, you wouldn't have drifted into my boat. My lawyers will contact you to arrange for you to make good for any damage I have suffered. I am contacting the Coast Guard first thing in the morning to report you." There was a lot more to this harangue, but it was all the same

and doesn't need repeating here. Finally he ran out of wind.

I explained that I didn't know what he had been drinking but he shouldn't be allowed off the dock in his present condition. I also explained that it was his anchor that had drifted and I was still tied to the float since eight o'clock last night. I did not appreciate anybody banging on my boat and was considering punching a hole in his bottom to get rid of him. The fog was thin enough for him to, now, see the float. He flew into his wheelhouse and cranked up his engine. Within 20 seconds he was roaring off into the dark fog, still dragging his anchor. He roared about 40 seconds and then I heard a loud whump. Now there was really some first-class, old-time waterfront cussing, like I hadn't heard since I was a kid, coming across the water. This was a deeper, different voice from before. I yelled, wondering if anybody was hurt and did they need any help. The new, deeper voice replied, "Not yet, but it's coming."

Some years back, while I still lived in Seattle, I met an acquaintance of mine as he got off the ferry at the Coleman Terminal. He owned the property on Hood Canal called King Spit. I told him I was taking a boatload of fisherman out on the coming weekend and planned to go by his front door. It would be a nice added touch to haul his crab trap and find some big keepers. He said he would leave the trap out but he would be gone. I wanted some fresh

seafood on board and fishing was not supposed to be all that good. I also had a nice oyster beach in mind not too far from King Spit.

We left Lake Union Saturday morning. We went out through the locks and across Puget Sound on a beautiful day. I had 12 fishermen aboard and this meant 12 different favorite fishing holes. They actually did fairly well considering the poor fishing all over the Sound that week. We anchored for the night, had dinner, and the crew settled down for their other passion, a night of poker and whiskey.

Sunday morning we hoisted anchor after breakfast and I headed down the Canal toward King Spit. I spotted the crab buoy and we pulled the trap aboard. There were enough big fat keepers for everyone on board. Obviously lunch would be a crab feed. I told the guys that these crabs were not free. Somebody had taken the time to go out and set the trap and we had taken 13 of the finest big crabs around out of it. The owner of the trap should get something in return. We had way more whiskey on board than anyone could drink in week, and my suggestion that we put a bottle in the trap met with unanimous approval.

When I next saw my friend, I asked him if he had been surprised at finding the whiskey in his crab trap. He wanted to know what I was talking about. I told him about our crabs and the bottle of whiskey. He said, "I don't know what you are talking about. When I hauled the trap out, it had a six-pack of Rainier beer in it."

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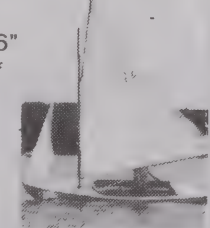
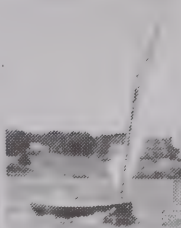
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Chapter I: The Cruise And The Craft

What I fondly pictured in my mind as a "quietwater" voyage doubtless had its inception in the natural reaction from the several seasons of rough-water boating I had been putting in on the Columbia, Yellowstone and Colorado. Running rapids by way of summer pastime was all right for a while, I told myself, but to keep an edge on zest one should vary it every few seasons with a white-flannels, holystoned-decks, polished-brass sort of a cruise, where wet clothes, sodden blankets and soggy grub would be but a memory calculated to act as a sauce for viands the best the market afforded, cooked in a white-enameled galley and served by a soft-footed steward in a fancooled cabin. There should be short, smooth runs between quiet harbors thickly fringed with broad-verandaed summer hotels. The hardest morning's work should be dangling a fish-line over the stern, the afternoon's most strenuous effort the run ashore for five o'clock tea.

Setting out to arrange the practical details of just such an idyllic summer pleasure among the Islands of the Blest, I finished by pushing off in an eighteen-foot skiff to voyage from Milwaukee to New York, a jaunt on which I was destined to find more rough work and almost as much rough water as had fallen to my lot in running the rapids of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado the previous year.

Negotiations for the charter of a motor-cruiser were as far as I ever advanced with plans for my delectable dreamed-of cruise of *dolce far niente*. This beautiful little craft was not only capable of navigating the Great Lakes, I was assured, but also, with good weather and seamanlike handling, might be equal to the outside run from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to New York. The signing-up of my ideal crew languished from the first, principally because the several friends I had counted upon were quite unable to get away for the

The boat with spray hood at single extension.

BY WATERWAYS TO GOTHAM

The account of a two thousand mile voyage by skiff and outboard motor from Milwaukee to New York, through the Great Lakes, Trent Canal, St. Lawrence, Richelieu, Champlain and Hudson Rivers.

By Lewis R. Freeman

Thanks to the loan of the book from reader Rolf Privrat, we are undertaking through the coming winter months to serialize another of those old nautical adventure books that remind us of how this small boat enthusiasm was enjoyed in simpler times. *By Waterways to Gotham*, by Lewis R. Freeman, is the account of a two thousand mile voyage by skiff and outboard motor from Milwaukee to New York through the Great Lakes, Trent Canal, St. Lawrence, Richelieu, Champlain and Hudson Rivers in the summer of 1924.

six months of more or less careless drifting with winds and current I had held out as the main inducement.

As *dolce far niente* with hired help is a thing unthinkable, prospects for carrying out the ideal plan as originally conceived were at a low ebb when word came that a place was open for me with an expedition being organized in Banff to explore the icefields of the Canadian Rockies during the late summer and fall. As the opportunity was one which might not occur again for years, I decided without hesitation to take advantage of it. That left only a few weeks of June and July in which my long-planned-for "quiet water" voyage could be taken, and that only by the elimination of the soft-ease and sweet-doing-nothing part of the program, its principal

raison d'être in the original conception. When even the change to a shorter route and faster schedule failed to bring out any desirable recruits, I gave up the motor-cruiser idea and decided to try to contrive some sort of an outfit in which I could make an attempt at the voyage alone.

For a leisurely voyage the ideal type of one-man outfit would have been a small sloop and a light auxiliary engine. This alluring combination was hard to forego, but I finally decided against it on the grounds that it would be too slow either with or without engine, while a failure on the part of both would leave it practically a derelict. A straight motor boat of ten or twelve knot speed would have given me all the mileage I needed, but would have been quite as helpless as the becalmed sloop in the event of engine trouble. The fact that neither sloop nor motor boat could be beached by one man if driven on a lee shore, or even to take advantage of a favorable camping place, also made me reluctant to take a chance with either of them.

In the end the only outfit that seemed calculated to satisfy all demands, as well as to conform to all limiting considerations, was the simple combination of a round-bottomed skiff and an outboard motor. The best of the late motors of this type would give me all the speed I needed without being prohibitively heavy. In case the engine went wrong, there was sail to fall back upon if the wind was fair, with the oars as a last resort whatever happened short of foundering. I hoped also to be able to keep the outfit light enough to make it possible to drag it out of the water unaided, a great convenience at all times, and possibly the means of averting disaster if caught in a storm.

Both boat and motor were ordered before I left California. The engine I decided to pin my faith to was the Elto, the latest product of the pioneer outboard motor designer, Ole Evinrude. I had previously used this light but powerful "twin" in the muddy waters of the Missouri, Mississippi and



lower Colorado, where its remarkable showing under all but prohibitive conditions gave me confidence that it would be equal to the most I could ask from it in the clear and (as I supposed) more tranquil waters of the Great Lakes.

The boat chosen was a Rhinelander Special, a type much used by the guides of northern Wisconsin. This was shown by the catalogue to be an open roundbottomed skiff of fine lines. To make it dryer in driving into head seas, I ordered a water-tight compartment built forward, running back six feet from the bow. I figured that this would have the added advantage of affording much greater buoyancy in case of an upset. The water-tight compartments had proved an invaluable feature of the boats we had used in the Grand Canyon.

Realizing that I was almost totally ignorant of the conditions even along the general route which I contemplated following from Lake Michigan to New York, and not even sure that there was a complete waterway open save by the old Erie Canal, I took advantage of the interval during which my outfit was being assembled for a hasty advance scouting trip. This was a fortunate action in several respects. Not only did it permit me to lay out a more interesting and practicable course before starting, but what I saw also engendered a deep and abiding respect for the Great Lakes as potential breeders of trouble for the unwary navigator. I had still to learn of their might and their menace by practical and not always pleasant experience, but I was at least sufficiently forewarned to take a deal more care about forearming than would otherwise have been the case.

It is not usually well advised to form snap judgments based on first impressions. There may be a few of the great manifestations of Nature, like the everlasting mountains for instance, that are more or less the same today as they were yesterday, and which, if we avoid reckoning in geological time, may not be altered out of recognition even tomorrow. But this does not apply to things made of water, like oceans and lakes and rivers. The naming of the Pacific is a case in point. Because the stormiest of the world's great oceans chanced to be smiling the day its discoverer sailed into it, he called it *Pacifico*, leaving those who have battled its squalls and fogs and typhoons to chuckle or curse over the nomenclatural absurdity ever since.

The acid of first impression etches the plates of the mind with a sharpness peculiarly its own. The mental picture I had carried for a dozen years of the whole Great Lakes system was the result of the fact that my maiden glimpse of Lake Michigan discovered a glassy stretch of windless water underrun with just enough of motion to throw a single rip of wavelet upon a crescent of snowy beach. That mental snapshot, carefully ticketed and filed, was my typical Great Lakes picture; the very one, in fact, which drew me in that direction when the yearning for a quiet water voyage welled strong within me.

I knew in a general way that the Great Lakes were in the cyclone area, and I had read of their being swept at times by terrible blizzards. As these accounts were

mostly in Southern California papers, I was inclined to discount them as a part of the regular propaganda for keeping tourists contented in the West. And so I went right on thinking of the Great Lakes, from the heads of Michigan and Superior to the St. Lawrence, as just one silver strand after another bordering long narrow reaches of water that were quite as flat and blue in real life as upon the maps. And so, as I have said, it was rather fortunate that I scouted a bit in advance of my projected cruise to learn just how and where this somewhat idealized picture was out of focus with the facts.

My first ocular demonstration of the fact that the Great Lakes occasionally had moods other than soft and tender came as a good deal of a shock, especially as it was along toward the end of May when Nature the world over is supposed to be in her gentlest of tempers. There were some signs of atmospheric restlessness in the smoke-thin traceries of the bobbing boughs of the budding birches as the east-bound Canadian Pacific Limited ran through the fresh spring woods to the west of Superior, but nothing to indicate that just around the next headland a fully developed gale was mustering its forces for what looked like a cool and methodical attempt to tear the surface off the lake and spread it over the Province of Ontario.

The wall of wind that assailed us as the engine drove out onto the cliff-face above the water sent a shiver through the train like the jolt from a rammed snow-bank. There was a quick glimpse of a wild welter of tumbling water, with Thunder Cape looming black to the southward like a mountain thrust out of a snowfield, and then the glare of tossing white was dimmed down and quenched as the far-blown spray congealed on the lakeward windows.

The rest that I saw, solid green water breaking over headlands fifty feet in the sheer; a fishing boat pounding to pieces on the rocks below; a great raft tossed by the waves until it had the seeming of a Magic Carpet fluttering in billowing clouds; wraith-like fisher folk toiling at futile moorings, photographed themselves on my retina between blinks as I clung to an icesheathed observation platform that pitched and rolled like the bridge of a destroyer bucking a head sea.

Seas high enough to sweep the decks of a battleship, winds so violent as to keep the great steamers of the grain and iron fleets at their docks, did not, I told myself, give assurance of conditions entirely favorable to the navigators of eighteen-foot open boats. I tried to cheer myself with the reflection that the storm was probably seasonal, the dying kick of winter, so to speak, and as such more or less localized to the largest and most northerly of the lakes.

This theory was comforting enough until I bought a paper the next morning. Then I learned that, while the worst casualty of the storm, the loss of the steamer, *Orinoco*, with five of her crew on Montreal Island, had occurred in Lake Superior, there had been much destruction of shipping on all of the Great Lakes. Still less reassuring was the casual reference of

a Sault Ste. Marie correspondent to the gale as "the sort of a minor disturbance we can expect at any time from now on to the middle of July."

And so it proved. Running true to this form sheet, another "minor disturbance" was ruffling up the Lakes by the time my train was skirting the shores of Georgian Bay. What I had mentally pictured as veritable Islands of Enchantment, fairy bowers of sylvan loveliness, had metamorphosed to humps of half barren rocks, with wind-flattened trees waving despairing signals of distress above breaking surges of sullen white. But on the station platform at Perry Sound I heard an old man, with a depreciatory wave of his knotted fingers, declare that this "wasn't really much of a blow nohow". Six fishing boats and a lighthouse tender missing were evidently rather below than above the average local toll. "Jest wait till next month when the tornadoes come borin' in from Michigan way," he warned; "then ye'll see the fur fly."

It was the tail of the same disturbance that was lashing up even the closely landlocked waters of the north shore of Lake Ontario when my train fared on eastward from Toronto the following day, but when I stopped at Montreal for my first glimpse of the St. Lawrence it had shifted to a northerly gale whose Arctic breath was tempered by nothing warmer than the frozen tundras of Labrador. What with white caps and blown foam, I never did discover just where the famous Lachine Rapids began and ended.

Local papers mentioned "a touch of wintriness in the spring air," and let it go at that. And after I had turned west again to get my boat ready the Chicago papers, with similar airy nonchalance, dismissed as "fresh winds from the lake," a northeaster that was driving the combers so hard against the seawall that the spray was whirled up to my windows on the fourth story of the Drake.

It was this confounded local casualness about weather that was bad by every standard of comparison of my experience of the Seven Seas that was so disconcerting. On many a previous voyage I had found people over-inclined to exaggerate the menace of their rivers, and especially of their rapids. But here was this hard-bitten Great Lakes populace on both sides of the line saying, in effect, of weather that was at times driving all their shipping behind breakwaters: "Oh this little blow is really nothing at all; just wait till a storm comes along with a kick in it!"

As a matter of fact the fortnight of interrupted storms that I had experienced since my first sight of Superior in tantrums was really bad weather; so bad, indeed, that a continuance of it without breaks would have made the open boat voyage I contemplated quite out of the question. It is true that there broke during the course of my voyage several storms, summer cyclonic outbursts, that were more violent than anything I had seen from the shores of the Great Lakes in the spring. The worst of these, fortunately, I was able to avoid by scurrying to port and then taking advantage of spells of fair weather following to make up for lost time.

But the chastening effect of this preliminary lifting of the corner of the cover of the Pandora's Box of Great Lakes weather tricks had been unmixedly salutary. I had gained a fairly comprehensive idea of the serious nature of the undertaking upon which I had so lightly embarked, realizing quite clearly that I could never be assured of the success of it until my boat was finally tied up in New York. Seeing plainly where a dozen little things, due to bad luck, bad weather or bad handling, might happen to bring the voyage to a sudden and inglorious ending, I set about getting my outfit ready in a far different spirit than had nothing been revealed to shatter my first fond fancy about the Great Lakes being a connected series of glorified millponds. For this reason several precautionary measures were taken which, omitted, would have left affairs in a serious way at more than one moment of emergency.

I had chosen Milwaukee as my port of departure both because the motor I was using was made there and because it gave me the opportunity to take firsthand advantage of the counsel of Ole Evinrude, the motor's designer and manufacturer. A veteran of many years' navigation of Lake Michigan in a motor cruiser, there was a number of points on which Mr. Evinrude's advice promised to be invaluable.

My boat was already on hand when I arrived at Milwaukee early in June. Of cedar, with oak ribs and redwood seats, steel-braced and brass-screwed, it was one of the finest examples of the true boat-builder's art I have ever seen. Beautifully molded to minimize fluid resistance, with a wide flare of bow and a graceful sheer, it was as sweet of line as staunch of construction.

In only two particulars did it fail to measure up to and beyond my hopes. One of these was the lack of freeboard aft, the consequence of having been designed primarily for use in the comparatively quiet waters of small lakes; the other, the fact that a water-tight compartment had not been built forward as I had ordered. The bow had been decked over, it is true, but the decking had not been carried to solid bulkhead, so that the enclosed space afforded neither the protection nor the buoyancy of a water-tight hold in the event of swamping or upset. The low freeboard made it inevitable that a lot of green water was going to come tumbling over from both beam and following seas.

It would not have been difficult to complete a water-tight compartment, nor yet to add a cockpit with a high coaming that would have counteracted the defect of the low gunwales. Both changes, however, would have involved the use of considerable material, thereby further increasing the weight, a point about which I was not a little concerned already. The staunchness of the fine little craft had been gained at some sacrifice of lightness.

The moment I lifted the bow I realized that it would be a good stiff piece of work for one man to beach it empty, and that with its engine and a full load there might be places where the task would be an almost impossible one, especially with heavy seas rolling in. Emergency landings were among the things which I knew I

would simply have to do the best I could about when the time came, but I was not inclined to increase the odds against success by making the boat any heavier at the outset.

My most serious trouble for the first day or two was that of side-tracking suggestions without hurting the feelings of the very kindly friends by whom they were advanced. Some of them were practical, or rather, they would have been so were I venturing forth in a forty-foot sloop instead of an open skiff. The rest, by and large, included just about everything in the way of safety devices for reducing the risks of sea travel that was discussed in Congress following the sinking of the *Titanic*. Ole Evinrude's common sense and sound knowledge of Great Lakes weather conditions were my main sheet anchors in riding out this veritable typhoon of well meant advice and suggestions.

Since it was evident that running into even comparatively light head seas was going to set a deal of loose water flying aft, the matter of a strong and serviceable spray hood was an important consideration. The one devised and constructed proved highly useful in several respects. It was of heavy waterproofed brown canvas, with brass eyelets along the ends and sides to engage snaps set under the gunwales. Two slender strips of very fine quality springsteel were the only accessories. With the canvas buttoned down over a coaming on the bow decking and run back to a strip of steel forming an arch between the forward pair of rowlock sockets in either gunwale, a very effective spray-hood was formed. Stretched on back to the second steel strip arched between the after rowlock sockets, the hood was doubled in length, affording that much more cover from spray or rain.

Continued on aft and buttoned down around the stern, the canvas formed a complete cover, quite water and wind tight to sleep under and useful for protecting the boat and outfit from weather and marauders when left alone. Canvas tie strings, similar to the reef-points of a sail, made it easy to furl surplus canvas over the intermediate steel arches. Light pine strips, running back from the coaming on the bow decking and notched to fit over the arches, kept the hood taut. Subject to minor changes made on the voyage, this very simple bit of adjustable canvas did everything that was required of it both out on the lakes and in port.

The ideal installation for carrying gasoline would have been a light built-in tank. Filled with fuel and lubricant already mixed, a few pounds pressure from an air pump would have permitted the replenishment of the tank of the motor at the turn of a cock in all weathers. I reluctantly decided against this arrangement because of the added weight, as well as the fact that I did not want anything that could not be quickly thrown overboard in the event of swamping.

Several light cans of from one to three gallon capacity promised to conform better to my requirements in these important respects than a fixed tank. The larger cans had handles and spring tops. The latter, released at a touch, permitted easy

pouring into a funnel, yet fitted tightly enough to prevent leakage with the can lying on its side. Several spare funnels, each fitted with a close mesh strainer, were provided for filling.

For filling in rough weather I was indebted to Mr. Evinrude for the suggestion of a simple but effective device consisting of three feet of one-inch rubber hose screwed to the top of a gallon can. The latter was to be kept filled with mixed oil and gasoline and stowed conveniently for use only in emergency. With the can held under either arm, it was easy to direct a stream from the hose into the tank of the motor with the boat bobbing around at a rate that would have spilled half of the gasoline poured in the ordinary way.

Government regulations for motor boats required a fog-horn, fire extin-guisher and two life-preservers. As standard cork jackets, while affording more buoyancy than any other type, are not comfortable to wear, I supplemented those demanded by the law with a Gieve inflatable waistcoat, which I had worn in the British Navy during the War, and a kapok jacket that had given good service in the Grand Canyon voyage of the previous season. As either of these was light and flexible enough to be used as a coat, there was a better chance that one might be wearing it in the event of sudden emergency. Life-preservers are always useful on a small boat voyage quite aside from their original purpose. They serve as good pillows and rowing cushions, and nothing is better for terracing up a bed spot on a sloping bank or beach.

Everything else equal, I have always found it a good plan, in outfitting an open boat, to give preference to the article of utility that has the highest buoyancy. An inflatable rubber mattress, for instance, with a little air left in it on rolling up in the morning, has saved a bed roll for me on several occasions, and once provided a very grateful buffer for my own abused anatomy in being carried down a rapid after an upset.

Although urged to carry a barometer by most of the Milwaukee yachtsmen whom I met, I decided to dispense with this normally indispensable instrument for two reasons. In the first place, it did not seem probable that the comparatively small barometer I could find place for would be sufficiently reliable to place full confidence in; in the second, I had far from enough practical knowledge of the meteorological eccentricities of the Great Lakes properly to interpret the significance of the readings of even an accurate instrument.

There are times and conditions, for example, when, contrary to the general rule, fair weather follows a fall in the barometer, and unsettled weather a rise. Just where and when to expect such contradictions could only be learned by long experience of local conditions. Nowhere is the proverbial "little knowledge" a more dangerous thing than on the water. I felt that I would be better to depend as far as possible upon the Coast Guard stations for forecasts of major disturbances than to endeavor to set up a weather bureau of my own.

Having had personal experience of the efficacy of a sea anchor in making it possible for a comparatively small craft to ride out the heaviest tropical hurricanes of both the Pacific and Atlantic, I was anxious to provide a miniature contrivance of this character for the present cruise. Mr. Evinrude agreed with me that something to hold the head to the wind and seas in the event of engine trouble in rough weather might well be the means of avoiding, in the succinct language of the German U-boat communique, being "*spurlös versenkt*".

On learning that the smallest sea anchors carried in stock by the ship chandlers were far too cumbersome for my little craft, I decided to take along the materials and make one as I had opportunity. Before intentions were translated into action, however, need arose which forced me to fall back upon a crude but far from ineffectual substitute improvised from a collapsible canvas bucket.

A sixteen pound mushroom anchor promised sufficient utility, both routine and emergency, to warrant the addition of its weight to the outfit. It would be a help in mooring offshore at points where it was impossible or unnecessary to land; also in securing the boat on beaches where there was nothing to run the painter to. More important still, it might serve to prevent drifting onto a lee shore in a storm. As inconvenient as it is to carry in an overloaded open boat, an anchor is too good insurance to risk omitting.

With the loaded boat too heavy to drag up a hard beach and sure to bury itself in a soft one, the best provision I could make against emergency landings was in the form of a couple of small rollers, trusting to supplement them with logs and planks for skidways when the time came. As there were no gunwales to grasp forward, strips of half-round iron, bent to the form of handles, were bolted to both sides of the bow.

A pair of stout eight-foot ash oars were added to the rather light pair of spruce ones that came with the boat. Ring rowlocks were fitted to the oars, insuring against their loss save through breakage or upset. A forty-foot stern line and a sixty-foot painter, with a hundred feet of fine manila line in reserve, completed the nautical gear. A step for a mast was fitted just aft the forward compartment, but only for the purpose of having it ready for a jury rig in case of trouble.

A complete set of spares of all the working parts of the motor were made up and packed in a stout fiber box, to be ready in case of trouble. Several score in number and ranging from the smallest screws and bolts to complete timers and propellers, these added many more pounds to the weight of the load I was striving so hard to keep down. With no certainty that a single part would be needed, there was at the same time a possibility that the lack of one of them might keep the engine out of commission indefinitely. It would not have been sensible, therefore, to leave the least of them behind.

The camping outfit was the same simple one I had used on most of my river voyages. An inflatable mattress, with a



The spray hood at double extension.

blanket and a strip of canvas comprised the bed-roll. An army mess kit of aluminum, with a few extra plates, spoons and small buckets, sufficed for cooking. A little two-burner gasoline stove that had proved a great comfort on the Missouri and Mississippi for cooking in the boat while afloat, was discarded at the last minute in favor of a diminutive "canned heat" contrivance that would go into my pocket. A hand axe for chopping firewood and a canvas water bucket made up the list of camp utilities.

With some of the finest fishing waters of North America on or near my route, and with both big and small game known to abound at many points, I regretfully omitted fishing tackle and guns from my outfit because there was little prospect of time to use them.

Of provisions I started with little more than an emergency ration of bacon, flour, cocoa, sugar and a few pounds of assorted canned goods. These were sufficient to hold me for several days in the event of being marooned on an out-of-the-way island or a remote part of the mainland. By buying fresh supplies as I went along and replenishing the staples as used, a mini-

mum amount of room had to be reserved for provisions.

It was with this almost primitively simple outfit I was finally ready to push out into the still stormy lake on the first leg of the route my early springtime dreams had led me to plan as a "quiet water" cruise in a fast and luxurious motor cruiser. I was well pleased with the change of program withal. There were reasons why I would have preferred a heavier boat, just as there were reasons why I would have preferred a lighter one. But there were other reasons, as I have explained, why limiting considerations made the outfit as finally assembled the best practicable compromise between the two. Without a great improvement of weather, the Great Lakes part of the voyage looked like a fight from end to end; yet quite the sort of a fight that there is a real zest in the winning of, with no disgrace attaching to failure.

There was good omen in the glowing red sunset of the day previous to that set for my departure; also in an official forecast which, for the first time in weeks, gave confident assurance of fair and settled weather for the next thirty-six hours.

(To Be Continued)

Mr. and Mrs. Evinrude (center), Mr. Tellendar (right), the author (left).



I am not a writer and will not try to make this an adventure story to keep you on the edge of your seat. For 30 years I have kept a log on camping, motorcycle touring, and sailboat cruising as they happened. These daily notes are from my log almost word for word, and are the way I see life aboard my 15' sailboat. Hopefully they will be of some interest to small boat people.

Wednesday, November 9: Getting a late start. Left home at 1:00 PM and arrived at Crystal Cove Marina on the St. Johns River north of Palatka at 2:00 PM. I found this to be a very good place to put in, the ramp is big and very good, there is a motel and restaurant here with full time security. I felt pretty good about leaving the VW Westfalia here for an extended period of time. There is a \$3 ramp fee and no other charges. I gave the attendant all the pertinent information on my boat, "destination and expected time of this little cruise." Rigged, put in, and had a nice sail to Palatka (3 miles). Anchored close in west of the private marina for the night.

Thursday, November 10: Up at 5:30 to see a nice colorful daybreak, still my favorite time of day! Had my usual coffee and something to eat. I can't explain it, but I am almost never hungry when I am out on the boat. One day during this cruise, at about 4:00 PM, I remembered that I had not eaten all day. Headed south for Lake George at 7:30 AM, saw a gator within 200 feet of shore, wind southeast, lots of tacking. 12:00 PM, at channel marker #13, near Edgewater, stopped for lunch, beanie weenies.

Dark clouds moving in. Ran with motor for about a mile to miss a storm. 3:00 PM, at marker # 25, anchored to let storm pass. 3:30 PM, underway again with motor only, passed under opening railroad bridge and into light rain, then rain, thunder, and lightning. Should have stopped, but kept going until I ran out of nerve and anchored on east side of river past marker # 40. Storms until 9:00 PM, NOT NICE! Barge passed at midnight going south. Could not believe those things ran this river at night. The river is narrow in this area, glad I was anchored close to shore.

Friday, November 11: Up at 6:00 AM, complete overcast, 69 degrees. Tide going out, raining at 7:30 AM. Stayed put until 10:00 AM. Wind northeast. Went past marker #48 to Welaka. Tied up at the public ramp and walked two blocks for gas and ice. On the move again, strong winds, two reefs in main. Rough going across Little Lake George, but making good time. Anchored for night in sheltered area in back of Buzzards Point, just north of Gateway Fish Camp/Ferry.

Saturday, November 12: 6:5 AM, complete overcast, 67 degrees. Forecast, northeast winds 20 to 30 knots, inland waters rough. Well, at least it is not cold. Saw ospreys and bald eagle. 8:15 AM, stopped at ferry and got ice. Light winds until 10:00 AM, by 11:00 AM had two reefs in main. Approached Lake George on east side of Drayton Island due to wind on the nose in the marked channel. Lake George looks more like Ocean George to me, five miles across and ten miles long, you can't see across the ten-mile length.

Lake kicking up a bit. Headed across to Salt Spring Run (only about three miles), which is hard to see until you are there. Even then the entrance is so small, AND NOT MARKED, that you hesitate about going in. I had seen a couple of fishing boats go in, so I did likewise. Went in with double reefed main only and wind behind, which pushed me in

From the Log of Therapy Montgomery 15 November 9-18, 1994 Cruise 2

By Charlie Matthews

for the first half mile. It is three miles to Salt Springs, the first mile being very narrow. Lots of floating weed due to high water. This caused minor problems with the motor.

Got to Salt Springs at 2:15 PM. Anchored in crystal clear water. Florida is fortunate to have quite a few large springs that put out many millions of gallons of water each day. Silver Springs is probably the most noted spring in Florida since it has an amusement park and is visited by thousands of people each year. This place looks like a small, pretty lake. There is a campground boat ramp at the north end and a public boat ramp on the east side with a little store, soda, ice, candy, and bait. They also rent boats, I think this is privately operated.

Eighty-two degrees, took a little dip bath, felt good. Saw an osprey take a fish about 150 feet from the boat. Talked to Baptist minister (in a kayak) from Jacksonville who has a Hunter 18. His boat had been hit by lightning with three of them aboard. Nobody was hurt. The lightning put two pencil-sized holes in the hull about two feet from the chainplate for the shrouds. Sounds scary to me! Saw a bald eagle chasing an osprey that had a fish. Lots of water birds here and the best variety that I have seen anywhere. 5:00 PM, 73 degrees, pulled out my portable galley and had hot turkey with dressing, gravy, and vegetables. This does beat working!

Sunday, November 13: 6:30 AM, dark clouds and wind. Warm night with heavy rain at times. Windy all day, sunny most of day. Another sailboat came in at about 3:00 PM and left at 5:00 PM. It was a new Hunter 26, they were from Gainesville, Florida. Found out later from my friend, Tom Lapradd, that these people keep the boat at a fish camp somewhere on Lake George. Took a nice swim and a soapy bath. A good day of drying out and bird watching. Just as it was getting dark, the skeeters and fish started biting in a frenzy. It also started to rain. You know the old story, I hooked a nice bass, he jumped and shook out the hook. Then the skeeters chased me inside. Dark clouds moved in, so no moon tonight.

Monday, November 14: 6:30 AM, 70 degrees, heavy clouds. Water stayed smooth until 9:00 AM. Went to the little marina store for ice and water. Visited the outhouse and was very impressed with the spring loaded (up) toilet seat. This was a simple way to take care of a big problem. I guess I must have always been to busy complaining about a messed up seat to think of this simple fix. Northeast wind started at about 9:30 AM with strong gust. Forecast, high winds and high water. TROPICAL STORM GORDON. Bad along the ocean. Had a 3-lb. Danforth #D375 deepset anchor set firmly and it held good.

4:15 PM, tied up boat at campground ramp, locked up, and started to store to call Marie and get fried chicken for supper. Right away an older couple from Indiana almost in-

sisted on giving me a ride to the store and back. They were in the campground for the winter. It was nice of them to wait while I made the call and got the chicken.

Anyway, back to the boat. I climbed aboard, reached for my key, and it was not in my pocket. PANIC, looked like rain at any minute, and my nice fried chicken was getting cold. LUCKY, I had forgotten to lock the port locker where I keep the anchors. I used the round bar on my big anchor to break the hatch lock (it was a nice little brass lock that had built-in padding so it would not scratch anything).

Anyway, supper was still warm and very good. 6:30 PM, just sitting in the cockpit with a full stomach watching birds, and I happened to remember the hidden key to the nice little lock. Moral of this story, it is better to think first BEFORE taking action. The keys were inside on the floor, must have fallen out of my pocket or I just plain missed the pocket when I went to put them in.

Tuesday, November 15: 6:00 AM, all clouds and rain. Was in the bunk from 7:00 PM to 7:00 AM and sleeping most of the time. Have no desire to read or listen to music or the radio. Just sitting, looking, and puttering about in the daytime. This is OK for me, I have never been bored in my whole life. Strong winds and periods of heavy rain during the night. 9:00 AM, fisherman took a nice bass about 100 feet from my boat. Still raining off and on.

12:15 PM, got ice and headed out for Glen Cove Springs, about seven miles away and four miles south. Changed my destination when I saw how rough the lake was, and headed north with motor only. To say the least, conditions were not good (Gordon still acting up). Wind was from the northeast and the 2hp Evinrude was struggling to keep the nose into the wind and make a little headway. Only had about three miles to go to be behind Drayton Island and shelter. Had to pull into a sheltered spot just before making the island and wait out a storm, "strong wind and heavy rain." This lasted for one hour, then I made it to a nice little sheltered cove behind the island just as it was getting dark. A small pontoon houseboat anchored nearby after I got there with three or four middle-aged guys. They were having a grand old time, like they didn't know or care what the weather was going to be.

Wednesday, November 16: Strong, gusty winds and heavy rain most of the night. At 6:00 AM the houseboat blew all the way across the river in spite of all they could do. They called for help and a towboat came and got them. *Therapy* was rocking but the little Danforth #D375 held with no problems. This little anchor cost twice the price of the standard anchor, but it does the job. Finally made coffee at 8:00 AM, and it sure was nice to have something hot in this cool dampness. Motor would not start after all the rain last night.

"Well! This is a SAILBOAT, so I put two reefs in the main and sailed to the Gateway Fish Camp & Ferry. The water was kind of rough but other than the rain, the boat was dry. Stopped, had a Coke, compliments of the guy who runs the ferry, put a new plug in the motor and got it started. Motor sailed to Waleka and stopped for gas and ice. Had a very good foot-long hotdog one block from the ramp. This sort of thing tends to brighten up a dreary day. Went another 1-1/2 miles and stopped early for the night, rather than fight this nose wind. Starter cord on motor came out and would not recoil. Hope for some sun tomor-

row. Did 8-1/2 miles today, 4-1/2 sail only, and 4 sail and motor.

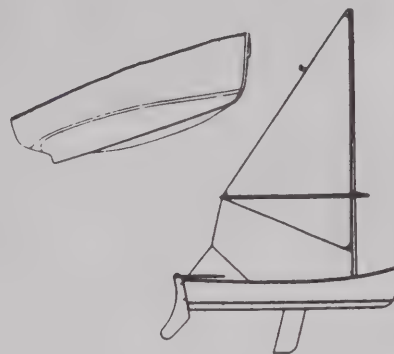
Thursday, November 17: Up at 6:00 AM, complete overcast, "so what's new," 67 degrees, at least it is not cold. This is a very nice anchorage, east of marker #44 and north of #45. Had my usual coffee and unusual cinnamon twist for breakfast. Still no sun or moon since Gordon started acting up. Fixed the recoil on the motor, thanks to a small tool box equipped with the right tools. Motored with wind on the nose for 7-1/2 miles to the railroad bridge at marker #27. Finally got a chance to blow my horn and have a big bridge open just for my little ship. Makes you feel all grown up.

River turned east at marker #20 and with a northeast wind, I was able to sail the last eight miles to Palatka, five miles on a port tack and three miles with lots of tacking. River very high, with water in a few houses. Anchored at Palatka at 6:00 PM, 65 degrees and feels cold.

Got things shipshape and had Sweet Sue chicken and dumplings and diced peaches for supper. A good sail and a nice little supper, life could be a lot worse.

Friday, November 18: 6:00 AM, 60 degrees. Moved up to the city docks and went to Angels Diner for breakfast, "at last, re-fortified with grease." At least the coffee was good. 8:00 AM, headed for Crystal Cove Marina, wind on the nose, good sailing, but must have sailed 10 or 12 miles to have made three. De-rigged and had my easiest takeout ever. Still have not seen the sun or moon for at least five days. The weather wasn't the best, but this was still a successful little ten-day cruise. As usual, my little ship was outstanding and I really can't complain about being crowded by other boats. Got home at 3:00 PM. I had planned this trip for the first of October which, as it turned out, would have been much better. I had fun, hopefully learned something, and am a better sailor than I was before this trip.

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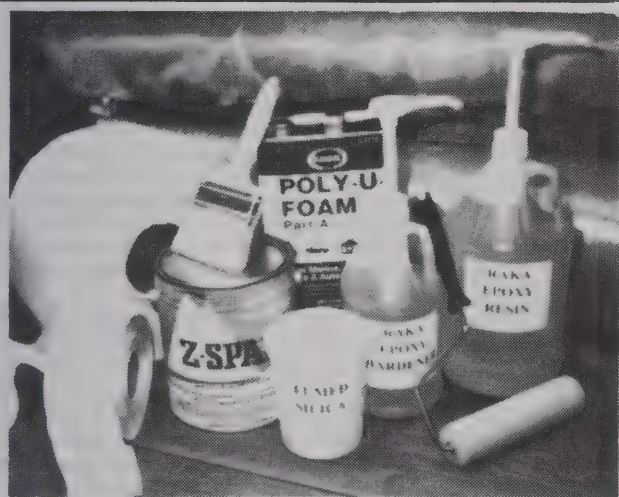
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Mustique lies in the southeast corner of what the yacht insurers refer to as the "hurricane box". This means that if you wish to sail in these waters during hurricane season, you will have to pay a much higher premium or self insure.

We recently had a hurricane brush by us, a few hundred miles to the northeast. A near miss like this has the curious effect of stopping the wind and rendering the seas to mere ripples in contrast to their usual boisterousness. The 20 or so yachts lying in the Mustique anchorage did not know that the hurricane would travel to the north and miss us, so they had to depart and sail south to the Tobago Keys, an area that is still in "the box", but that is a mass of coral reefs that would break the force of hurricane driven seas and also provides good holding for ground tackle.

Within a few hours the once bustling anchorage was a ghost town. We went over to the airstrip and saw that the cups of the wing gauge were at a dead stop; something we had never seen before. Since our weather comes from Africa and hurricanes form well to the east of us, there is usually a few days of warning for the yachts to seek shelter. As this one missed us, the yachts were only gone for two days and then sailed back to Mustique.

We met one of the yacht owners as she returned, and she invited us to sail to Bequia for the day. Deborah is a young woman who is sailing and day chartering her Bristol 40 out of Mustique. The boat is 31 years old, but has been well maintained and outfitted for world cruising. Deborah left California on her first single-handed sail; a 5 week off-shore trip to the Panama Canal. After transiting the canal, she made her way to the Caribbean where she decided to earn more cruising money by day chartering.

The Bristol was a fine looking old girl with graceful overhangs that are pleasing to the eye even if they do reduce the waterline length. She has a keel/centerboard arrangement, although the centerboard had come apart and Deborah had taken it out and plugged the hole. This alteration surely had some effect on the windward ability of the vessel, but not to a very noticeable degree.

We had a total of 11 people on board, a few of whom were living on Mustique and the rest visitors from England. The Bristol was easily up to handling such a load and we had a fine time of sailing on a lazy reach over to Bequia. We anchored in Friendship Bay, which was almost devoid of other yachts, and ferried everyone ashore in three trips in the tiny dink. Although Deb had to stay aboard due to poor holding ground in the bay, the rest of us had an interesting day of exploring the island, followed by a refreshing swim back out to the boat at the finish.

After an hour or so of drinks in the cockpit and some humorous readings from a Chinese horoscope book, we headed back to Mustique with sheets hardened. As we came into the lee of Mustique, the air became flukey and weak, but we were still able to lay alongside the mooring ball with just a little bit of engine at the last.

After securing the boat we stood up on the housetop to see if the green flash would be visible. The weather has been too cloudy to see this phenomenon for the last few

Musings From Mustique

months, but this evening the air just at the horizon was just barely clear enough to get our hopes up. For readers unaware of the green flash, it is a curiosity of atmospheric conditions that occurs when the top of the sun's disk is just about to disappear below the horizon.

The air must be very clear, and the horizon sharp and unobstructed. The deck of a boat is an ideal place to see the flash, although any place from which a view of the sea horizon will work. There has been much discussion as to whether this is an atmospheric curiosity or the result of the internal workings of the human eye. I believe that it is the former.

Whatever the scientific explanation, we were treated to the best display that I have ever witnessed this evening. The sky was cotton candy pink and the sun the color of orange marmalade; two conditions that I think enhanced the display. When the disc had slipped to about a quarter of its height, a worm of iridescent green light flowed out of the bottom of the disk remnant like hot magma. It appeared to briefly spread over the horizon, extending out beyond the sun and blurring the horizon between sea and sun. In the briefest of moments, it was gone and the horizon was left clear, with the afterglow of the sun rendering it razor sharp once again.

The existence of the green flash is frequently debated, but this evening, all eleven of us, believers and detractors alike, were provided with proof positive that it does exist. I don't think that the rum punches had any effect.

Although there are many long-distance sailors who pass through the Caribbean, not many of them call at Mustique. This is because it is an island with no services, no accommodations for the casual tourist and very high food and fuel prices. I did meet one fellow who has been here for awhile, on a stop in a trip that has so far taken him over 30,000 sea miles. He is a single-handed French sailor named Gilles (pronounced "Jill") who left France 15 years ago and is still going strong. This is no minor accomplishment and is even more remarkable since his boat was determined by the French authorities to be only suitable for 3 miles offshore!

The reason the authorities labeled his boat in such a disparaging manner is that Gilles does not like to spend his meager income on such things as life rafts, SOLAS flares, EPIRB's and other things that have become standard equipment for offshore vessels but that are quite expensive. Gilles figured that these gadgets were no substitute for good seamanship and since he was a single-hander, there was no one to harm but himself. Further, if he were to buy all of these things, he would not have had enough money to sail and would still be in France. It is for these reasons that he is somewhat of an outlaw and doesn't like to visit French colonies.

Gilles' boat is what he refers to as a "galliot". It is what we might label a ketch,

but its mizzen carries as much sail as the main. The LOD is about 27', with a few more feet of bowsprit. Her waterline is about 23' and her beam is around 8'. Her freeboard is the most remarkable aspect of her design for, although it has a high bow, her sheer is a flat line that carries from the bows, downward to the transom where she has but 16" or so of height above the water. One would not expect this to be the most favorable hull form for world cruising or, more particularly, for following seas but, at the hands of knowledgeable seamen, the boat has sailed extensively since 1956 and has survived the Atlantic, the Med., the Indian Ocean and has rounded the Cape of Good Hope.

The hull is constructed of pitch pine planking over acacia frames; although when Gilles re-built the boat 15 years ago, he used a good bit of epoxy. The original fastenings were galvanized which had to be cut out and replaced. The wood around the screws was "fastening sick" and had to be cut out as well. Gilles removed the entire deck and house, rebuilding all in fiberglass-sheathed plywood; in the process, he reduced the size of the cockpit as a safeguard to being pooped. All this work was done in a substantial but inexpensive manner; the idea being to get out sailing, not to spend time and money applying "yacht finish" to everything. As an example of his parsimony in this effort, he has actually made three French flags out of one cast-off Dutch one! The boat is powered with a 9hp Yamaha, which Gilles thinks is too small.

I had become interested in Gilles' boat when I saw that he had an unusual self-steering vane of obvious home-built construction hanging from his transom; I have been trying to find a cheap alternative to the \$3000 manufactured vanes for our boat and his looked like a real possibility. I took a lot of measurements and spent a lot of time observing how it worked, but I think that it is more complicated than I want. It works with a rudder-mounted trim tab that is controlled by a plywood vane. This works fine for a plumb-transomed boat, but for our sharply raked transom and large rudder it is a bit difficult to fabricate.

I am thus far favoring a design I have seen where a small sail and some turning blocks are used to turn the tiller; this adds nothing to the underwater portions of the boat and can be totally struck and stored when it is not being used, a significant difference to the servo-pendulum rigs that permanently disfigure the transom of many boats. In any case, I have a while to think about it before I start making one for our boat.

I didn't get much of a chance to have a look below decks on Gilles' boat, but what I could see held true to his spartan approach to fitting out a yacht. The most unusual aspect to the interior was that the sizable berth was situated so that it ran athwartships and required that anyone using the head would have to crawl over it; but as I noted, this is a single-handed vessel and the likelihood of any overnight passengers is slim to none.

Gilles' thinking is to spend some time in the Grenadines, building up his cruising funds before heading west to the Panama Canal, on to the Pacific and then back to the Indian Ocean which seems to be his favorite part of the world.....thus far.

Done Throwed Together Another One

By Robb White

Done throwed together another one. This is a 16' (15'10-1/2" x 5'2") extra light rowboat. It is kinda like the last one, but much finer in the bow and flatter in the run to the stern. It has a little more deadrise to it too. I think it rows a little better, doesn't pitch at all with the strokes of the oars. That smug looking old fool in the boat is the builder, and those photographs were taken during builder's trials at Dog Island.

This is the lightest boat for that size we ever built. It only weighs 97 pounds without the floorboards and gear. The owners are going to haul it on top of a big van and carry it all through the woods, so it was a pull-out-all-the-stops effort to cut back all I could.

The photos show the foredeck and big U-shaped stern seat. Those were a weight saving experiment that worked well. The planking is only 1/8-inch thick, but is sheathed with fiberglass on both sides and turned out strong enough to hop up and down on. It sort of springs like a trampoline, but you can't bust it. The foredeck only weighed 1-1/2 pounds. That 4-oz. fabric on top disappeared in the W.E.S.T. epoxy and Rivale varnish, but if you cock your head back and forth just right when the sun is low, it seems to glimmer down in there, sort of like a hologram.

The lady of the couple who owns the boat was in a bad car wreck and has back trouble that makes it so she can't sit up for very long. There is only one fixed thwart in the boat (after rowing station). The forward seat is a box that attaches to the floorboards and can be moved out of the way so she can lie down up front or in the stern to suit the situation.

Though it is a dedicated rowboat, they are going to run a Honda 2hp engine on there for long expeditions. I recommend that engine to all our customers who need a motor. It is a nice little thing for a machine. It is light, quiet, and the oil-less 4-cycle exhaust is good manners.

It was built by eye with the same method as the others. The wood is tulip poplar (*Liriodendron tulipifera*) throughout, except for a longleaf pine keel and American beech outboard chafing gear on the transom. An interesting thing, this is the fifth 16' boat that we have built from the lumber of one log, and I think I have enough for one more. The planking is graduated in thickness with the garboards the thickest and the rest of them progressively thinner until the little sheer strakes, which are the same thickness as the garboards (about 7/32" less the fiberglass sheathing).

The number of planks was determined by the requirement that there be room for the damned 3" numbers up by the bow. Each plank is sheathed with epoxy and fiberglass before it is put on the boat, and all the planking is cupped to fit the curve of the hull instead of laying flat against the frames or having to be backed out with the round plane. That way there is no bevel in the laps, and the fiberglass sheathing is continuous except for where the gains were cut at stern and transom. The boat is all glued together like those plywood lap



strake boats you see around. We do it a different way.

First we put the whole boat together dry and cup the planks with little homemade clamps until all the laps are tight and the shape suits us. That way, if we see something that doesn't look right, we can take the boat back apart and replace the offending strake. After everything is just right, we crank up the bull-

dozer and park it in the middle of the driveway, unplug the phone, take the whole boat apart and glue it all back together. Glue day is a marathon right. This one took 14 hours. After it was over, I drank three bottles of warm Guinness Stout while I was in the bathtub, and my wife and granddaughter had to help me get out.



The Wisconsin Lake Schooner Education Association is a Wisconsin not-for-profit corporation with a complex of offices, classrooms, exhibits, a gift shop and a shipyard occupying Milwaukee's Municipal Pier at 500 North Harbor Drive. It was designated as a 501(c)(3) tax-exempt organization in 1991. The organization boasts 1,400 supporting members and over 200 unstoppable volunteers comprised of educators, tradesmen, professionals, students, and retirees. It is a team of dedicated individuals of all backgrounds and ages from across Wisconsin. Our facility is open Monday - Saturday 9am to 5pm. Feel free to stop down and witness this unique project for yourself!

The mission of the Wisconsin Lake Schooner Education Association is to re-establish the historical, cultural and environmental bonds between our community and one of its most valuable natural resources, the Great Lakes, which contain 20 percent of the world's fresh water. The organization will teach the young and old, including Wisconsin's at-risk and under-served citizens, while serving as a vital resource to Wisconsin's business and tourism industries. The organization will educate all people about the value of our Great Lakes ecosystem and its importance to our culture and heritage. Wisconsin's Flagship will be an ambassador for our State, representing the best of Wisconsin throughout the world.

To accomplish this goal, Wisconsin Lake Schooner is constructing a traditional Great Lakes Schooner. She is being built with Wisconsin timber, Wisconsin craftsmanship and Wisconsin labor to a unique design indigenous to our state. Wisconsin's Flagship will serve as a "Floating Classroom" and as an ambassador for Wisconsin representing our state across distant seas. When complete, Wisconsin's Flagship will be 137' in length, boast 3 native white pine masts, have an 8-1/2' draft, 8,000sf sail area, Coast Guard certified, weigh 125 tons and will be able to host 200 passengers for a dockside visit, 146 passengers for a day sail, and 42 passengers for overnight voyages.

She will embody the sweat, souls, and spirit of citizens volunteering more than 900,000 hours of their labor. To date, the masts are squared, the keel is laid, 43 frames of her hull are up, the stem, stern, deadwood, and keelson are in place, and all of the half frames have been laminated. Wisconsin's first tall ship is really beginning to take shape!

The public will be amazed and enlightened as they witness the first Tall Ship to take shape in Wisconsin in over 100 years. She will carry with pride the names of every volunteer, student, visitor, and donor who has wandered into the shipyard during her growth as she sails to distant ports after she is launched on Wisconsin's 150th birthday. She will enchant the entire state with her beauty and grace. Wisconsin's Flagship will serve as a living symbol of our history and culture which will endure for many generations to come.

In June of 1995, the Wisconsin Lake Schooner project was resolved unanimously by the Wisconsin State Legislature

The Wisconsin Lake Schooner

to be the first official Sesquicentennial Project. The mission, goals, and objectives of this project exemplify the very essence of the purpose and meaning of the Sesquicentennial Celebration. For three centuries the primary method of travel throughout the Great Lakes region was by water. The Great Lakes schooner design originated in Wisconsin and was adopted throughout the Great Lakes. Wisconsin became a major shipbuilding center during the 19th century, producing and receiving hundreds of sailing ships per day at its ports. Sadly, none of the vessels remain today.

The importance of Wisconsin schooner trade is underscored by the sailor on our state's official seal. Native Americans knew the waters were life-giving. Settlers who first entered the Great Lakes quickly recognized the value of Wisconsin's abundant natural resource and trade opportunities. Then and now, the cultural and economic development of Wisconsin has resulted from diversity, courage, and industriousness of the Native Americans, Danish, German, Polish, Norwegian, African American, Asian, and many others who make up the great people of Wisconsin.

Wisconsin Lake Schooner inspires our state to celebrate its confidence in the future with a renewed understanding of our history, heritage, and culture. It enthusiastically educates, excites, and involves countless citizens throughout Wisconsin in this endeavor. You have an enviable opportunity, through the support of the re-creation of the Great Lakes Schooner that will serve as Wisconsin's Flagship on the Great Lakes and around the world, to establish a statewide living legacy which will endure for generations to follow.

The benefits of this key project are numerous in a dramatic and visible way. Since its inception, Wisconsin Lake Schooner education programs have enriched the knowledge of and attitudes about the Great Lakes for more than 20,000 students, teachers, and adults. Wisconsin Lake Schooner's emerging programs offer experience-based learning for people of all ages, inspire interest in marine science and Wisconsin's maritime heritage, foster stewardship of our freshwater resources, and provide opportunities to develop self-knowledge, teamwork and leadership.

This past summer completed our fifth summer of "Schooner School". Successfully conducting six weeks of our four-day school, hands-on, minds-on enrichment program for boys and girls 5th through 9th grades. In June, 30 fifth-grade young men from the Youth Leadership Academy discovered the importance and magic of the Great Lakes. They learned science, ecology, navigation and relative safety. They exercised their creativity in shipbuilding and folk singing. Lastly, they

demonstrated the ability to become one as a team as they rowed a 22' life boat and pulled the sails up on a 40' schooner.

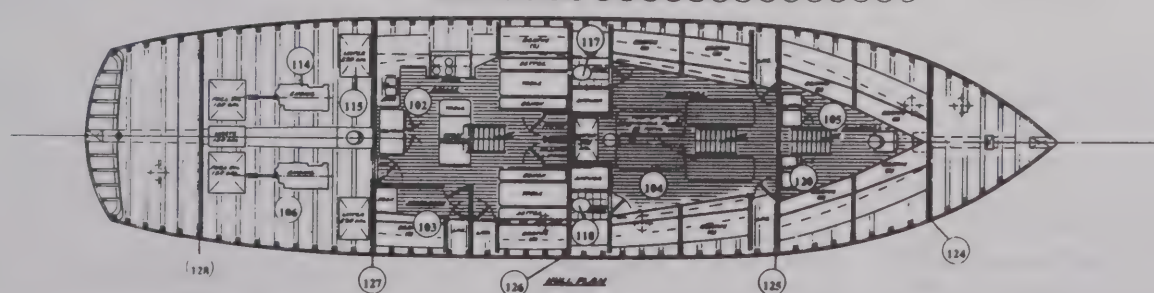
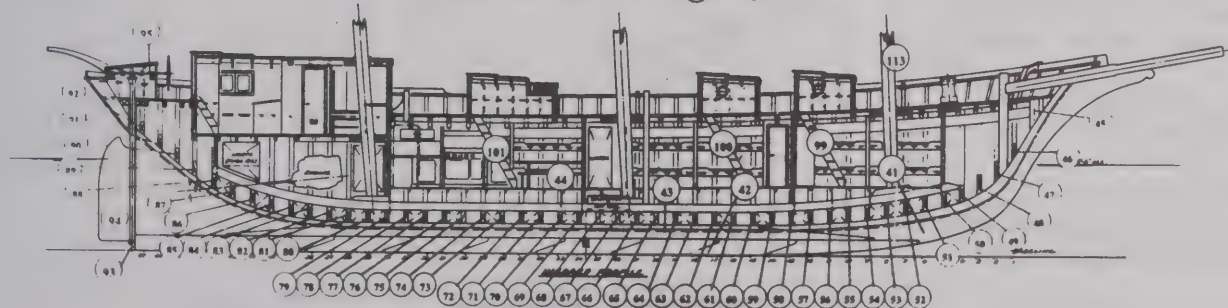
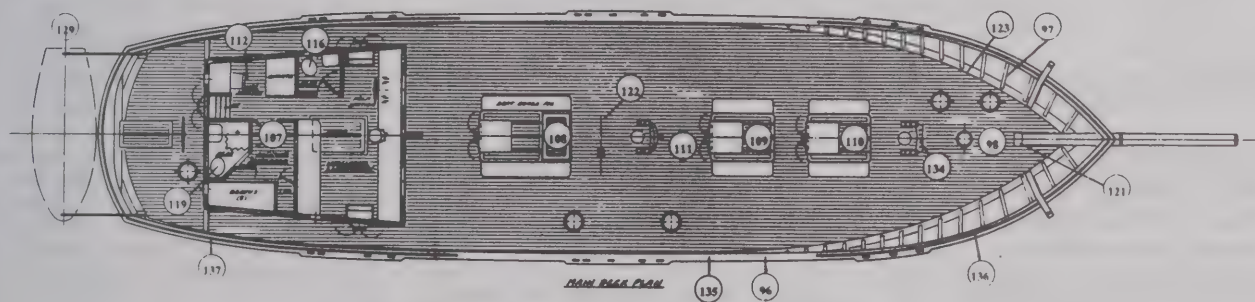
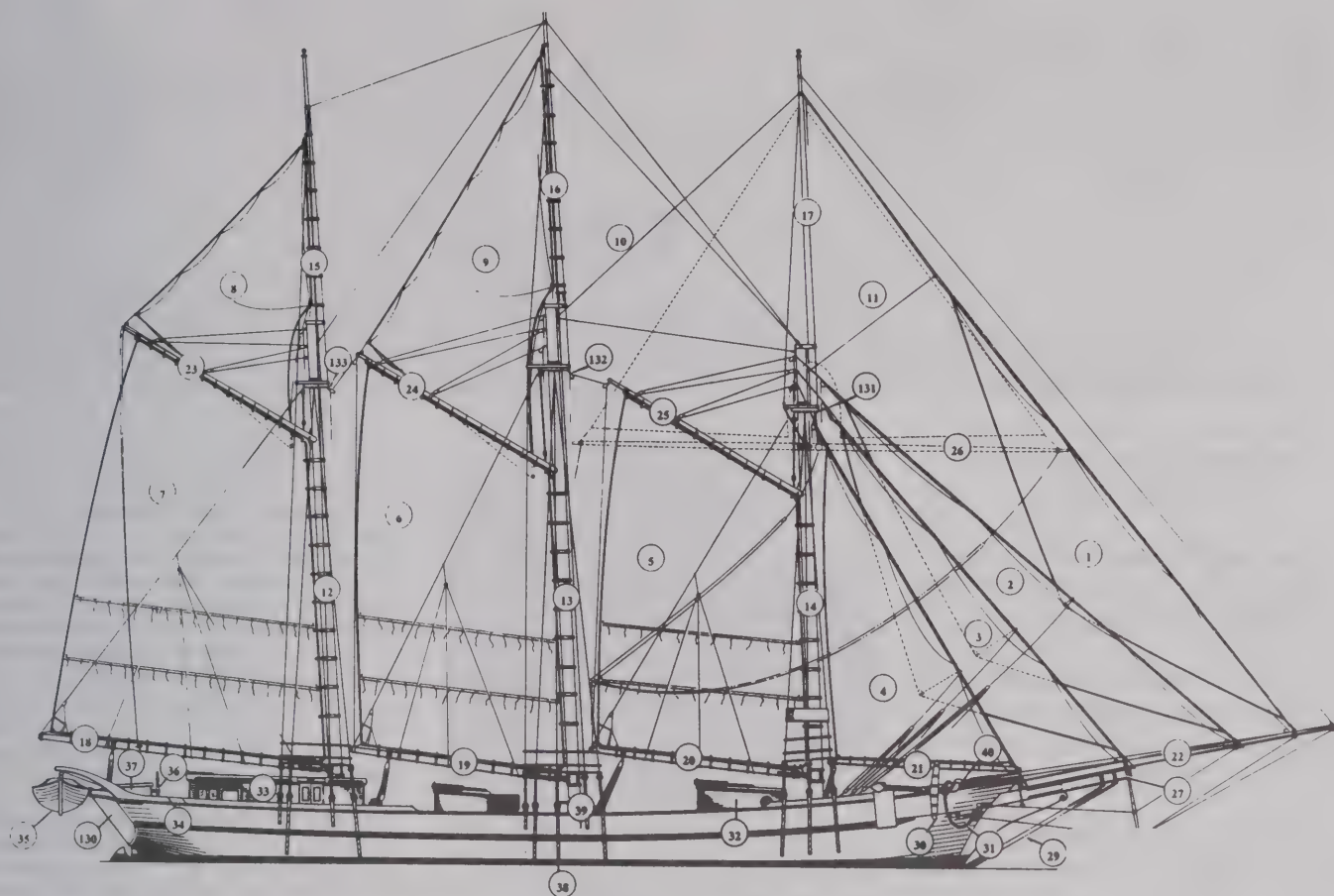
We will have enrolled close to 200 students from Grand Avenue School, Mary Ryan Boys and Girls Club, Youth Leadership Academy, STRIVE (Sheyboygan School District), University School Summer Program. An open session to the public was attended by children throughout Wisconsin in July, and in September. Wisconsin Lake Schooner and Grand Avenue Partnership created and developed a thematic study of real work of Wisconsin's underwater archaeologists, successfully demonstrated the MPS school-to-work initiative.

Already Wisconsin Lake Schooner is receiving weekly attention in local, state, and regional media. Over 50,000 visitors have toured the project and the project has received over \$93,000 in print media advertising equivalent since January 1, 1997. As seen in other national and state flagship projects, additional construction will bring an exponential increase in tourism and public interest. In 1992, Holland saw a 300 percent increase in tourism attributed to the *Batavia* historical shipbuilding project. The *Pride of Baltimore*, a project funded by the State of Maryland and the City of Baltimore, serves as the centerpiece of Baltimore's harbor, bringing over \$5 million per 6-month period in tourism and advertising investment equivalent to the area.

Other official and highly successful flagship projects exist in California, Texas, Virginia, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Maine, and New York. There are over 30 nations with official Tall Ships including Japan, Russia, Saudi Arabia, Spain, Germany, France, England, and Canada. Wisconsin will be joining an elite group of over 500 Tall Ships worldwide, many of them official State ships, and all of which have enriched the states and countries they serve.

Wisconsin Lake Schooner has raised more than \$780,000 through grassroots fund-raising and individual, corporate, and foundation donations. The State Sesquicentennial Commission has pledged \$290,000 and Northwestern Mutual Life has made a \$75,000 pledge. In 1995 we raised \$242,701, in 1996 we raised \$451,068, and so far in 1997 we have raised \$420,000 in donations and pledges. In two years and a half years a total of \$1,133,769 has been raised. In 1995-27,000 volunteer hours were logged, 1996 over 52,000 volunteer hours, and so far in 1997 over 45,000 volunteers hours have been logged. To date we have \$600,000 in bequests, over \$525,000 in cash pledges due, and \$225,000 valued in-kind pledges due.

The legacy of this Sesquicentennial Project will endure long after the celebration is over. This project presents a unique opportunity to help create a living monument for Wisconsin. Wisconsin's Flagship will be a symbol of our pride, heritage, culture, people, agriculture, art, recreation, tourism and industry, demonstrating in a most authentic manner that very word adopted upon statehood in 1848, "Forward".



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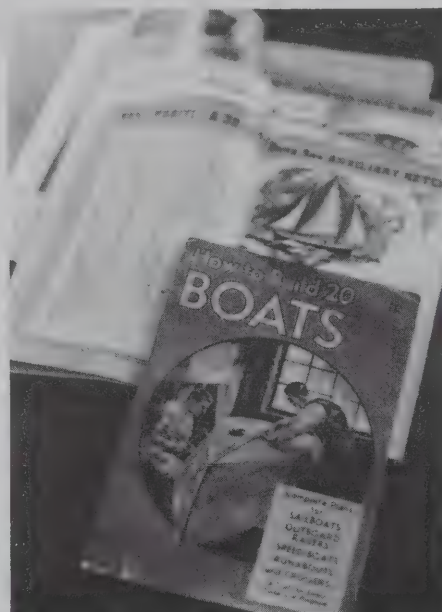
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How To Build 20 Boats Early Backyard Builders Design File

By Marion McClure



For over thirty years a person wanting to build his own boat could look to the Fawcett publication *How to Build 20 Boats* for plans and written directions for a myriad of designs for the simplest child's craft to a 42' schooner. The designers ranged from the reknowned Herreshoff and Chapelle to the unknown backyard builder of some successfully completed boat that had come to the attention of the editors of *Modern Mechanics* that might appeal to readers of their magazine. It would be in Fawcett's monthly periodical (that later changed its name to *Mechanix Illustrated*) that the

designs would appear.. then subsequently be compiled into the *How To Build 20 Boats* annual.

The great appeal of the designs might have been because of their range of interest... from a design one could only dream about building to one within one's means and talents. Fawcett had earlier served the interests of the home-built airplane builder. Beginning in 1929 and continuing through 1933 the home-built airplane articles were features of this magazine. But in the mid-thirties government regulations put an end to home-built airplanes for two decades.

In 1933 Fawcett was shifting from planes to boats, and Weston Farmer, who was on their staff, was a naval architect interested in both planes and boats. He obtained designs and articles on how to build boats from designers like John Hanna and Sam Rabl who each had great talent and an inclination toward the amateur builder. Weston Farmer was logically the editor of Fawcett's first boat annual. At first it must not have been thought of as an annual as the second compilation was called the "new edition of *How to Build 20 Boats*. Beginning with the third edition they were numbered. Over the years a study of the designs show the changes from auto-powered runabouts to outboards, from inboard cruisers to outboard cruisers, to design features such as boats with auto-like tail fins, to growing interest in catamarans, sailing boards and pontoon boats.

Weston Farmer's son David had conversations with me as to which 20 Boats designs were most built. David picked his father's "Scram", a Ford powered runabout as most built? But there were Rabl's "Buddys" everywhere. Larger boats built in numbers could be Hanna's "Tahiti" but lots of "Bonnies" and Rabl's "Orioles" were seen. All conjecture, no way to count home-builts.

How To Build 20 Boats has not appeared on newstands for many years. The publishers must have judged that home-building of boats was a thing of the past, that the mass boating public (tremendous growth since the '30s) was interested primarily in the volume produced boats that we see everywhere. Now in the '90's there are many who have never heard of *How To Build 20 Boats*. But anyone with a known collection of these annuals receives a number of requests yearly for a remembered design. I have compiled an index of twenty of these books from 1933 through 1966. Some libraries have a collection.

lection.
Time will tell if there is still widespread interest in build-it-yourself boating, either the old designs or new ones, sailing machines, sailing boards, multi-hulls and now materials.

Editor Comments: The index is too lengthy to publish in its entirety but I am agreeable to supplying photocopies of the twenty pages for \$2, my costs \$1 for copies and \$1 for postage (4 oz 1st Class).

I also have eight copies of this series, 1942, 1953, 1955, 1958, 1959, 1962, 1964 and 1966. I can photocopy any design chosen from the index of any of these for anyone so requesting for a similar cost basis charge dependent on the specific choice made.

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Design: The designs of the Guillemot Kayaks were inspired by the grace and seaworthiness of the Inuit and Aleut Eskimo skin boats and the fun and fit of the modern whitewater kayaks. These designs intentionally avoid the sharp tracking of some other kayaks opting for a maneuverability that permits the paddler to anticipate and react to oncoming waves. Most Guillemot Kayaks are designed without a rudder and respond to steering strokes without sacrificing directional stability in rough conditions.

Strip-building is the craft of converting a small pile of thin wood strips into a boat of exquisite beauty. The art of strip-building is assembling those strips into a striking example of a fully functioning, rugged water craft. The strip-built method permits a unique degree of design freedom, both in the hydrodynamic shape of the boat and in the graphic arrangement of the wood.

As a kayak designer I strive to create high-performance craft that are not compromised by the building method. As a kayak builder I endeavor to craft rugged boats of unique beauty. I believe that performance of the kayak should not conflict with its aesthetic elegance. The most elegant kayak looks like living room furniture while used in the harshest conditions. My designs and the boats I build fulfill these requirements.

I build custom kayaks and other boats for the paddler seeking a unique craft of exquisite elegance and unparalleled performance. I design kayaks of refined grace and build boats of distinctive artistry. *Sea Kayaker* magazine said of my boats, "Nick Schade has managed to raise the craft of strip building to the art of graphic design in wood." Any of my kayaks provide a one-of-a-kind craft that you can paddle with pride and confidence.

Construction: I employ the best materials to create a durable boat that will maintain its good looks after years of hard use with only minimum maintenance. I can custom modify one of my designs or create a new design to meet your desires. I create graphic patterns in the wood by selecting strips of contrasting colors and laying out a design that complements the shape of the boat. Typical woods used are cedar, redwood and pine.

To this I can apply marquetry in the form of a personal emblem or logo. This is all overlaid with a transparent layer of

Guillemot Custom Built Kayaks

fiberglass and epoxy inside and out. The resulting monocoque shell is stiffer than most mass-produced fiberglass or kevlar kayaks, possesses a comparable strength and is as light as all but the most exotic materials. Special Kevlar or carbon fiber lay-ups are available. These materials are used inside the boat where they do the most good and do not detract from the beauty of the wood.

My boats have sculpted foam seats and a unique articulated backrest. Hip and thigh support are custom fitted. The hatches into the storage areas are flush with the deck. The storage areas are separated from the cockpit area with bulkheads.

I build the boats one at a time to order. The minimum building time is three months. I never build more than twelve boats per year.

Kits: Guillemot Kayaks has teamed up with the Newfound Woodworks to create kits of the Guillemot designs. The Newfound Woodworks is a supplier of fine, precision-milled wood strips and other boat building woods. They supply all the materials required to build the boat, including cove-and-bead strips, trim, fiberglass and epoxy as well as computer-cut forms.

A kit completely eliminates the requirement to have any large power tools. All the time and effort of cutting the strips and creating a cove-and-bead are eliminated. The cove-and-bead, while not required, greatly simplifies the assembly of the boat and creates strong, tight joints between strips. The computer-cut forms assure the skeleton about which you build the boat is accurate, thus assuring an accurately shaped boat.

Kits include Matrix Adhesive Systems (MAS) epoxy. MAS is a new generation adhesive using the latest epoxy technology. Being less viscous it wets out the glass more quickly and easily. The epoxy cures to a super tough hard finish that will survive years of hard use. MAS epoxy does not create "amine blush", a byproduct of many epoxy chemical reactions. "Blush" must be cleaned off before continuing work on the boat. With no "blush", MAS lets you finish the project more quickly.

A selection of different woods makes

possible graphic enhancement of any boat; northern white cedar, a light, strong, light colored wood; second growth red cedar, a cedar variety of colors from light to dark; and redwood, a hard, red-brown colored wood. By using a light colored wood with some darker accents some striking results can be achieved. Our standard kit includes northern white cedar strips in 6'-9' lengths. Longer strips and different woods are available at an additional charge.

A kit makes possible boat building without investment in a lot of expensive tools and reduces the number of steps in the actual boat building process. These kits include the finest quality materials that may be difficult to come by in a local area. Even experienced builders should consider a kit as a way to save time and effort. The strips will be better than milling your own and there is the convenience of one-stop-shopping for the glass and epoxy. Forms may be purchased separately for cutting strips with the accuracy of the computer cut forms.

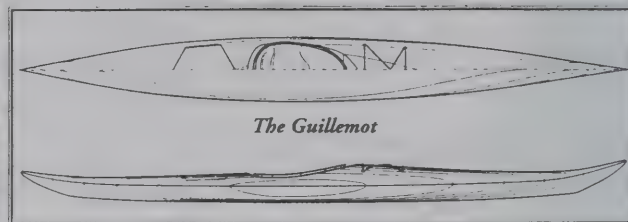
Plans: Strip-building is ideally suited to the home builder desiring to create a boat of his own. It requires a minimum of tools and is very tolerant of mistakes. The only power tools required are a table saw and a jig saw. The table saw is only needed for one day so may be borrowed from a friend and promptly returned. Buying pre-cut strips avoids the need all together.

Because the builder is using small strips of wood, a mistake with a piece is a minor matter. That piece may be put aside and used elsewhere. Once encased in fiberglass, minor errors in workmanship become irrelevant. Under the deep clear finish of glass and epoxy the luster of wood will camouflage the lapses to everyone but the builder.

My plans include a drawing of the kayak in three views, as well as all the forms drawn out full-sized with each form drawn out separately and completely. The forms drawings can be glued directly to plywood and used as the cut lines. This assures no loss of accuracy in the transfer of the lines from paper to wood. Patterns for the cockpit and bulkheads are also included at full size.

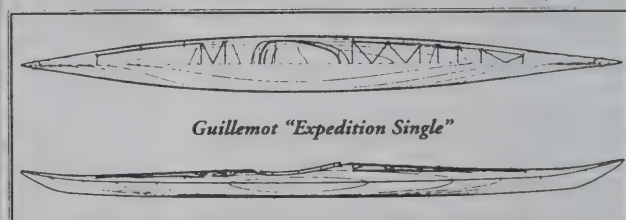
Guillemot Kayaks, 10 Ash Swamp Rd., Glastonbury, CT 06033, (860) 659-8847, website at: <http://www.guillemot-kayaks.com/>

By Nick Schade



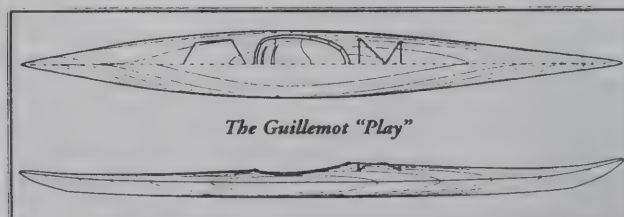
The Guillemot

Guillemot: This is the boat I was trying to create when I first named my company "Guillemot Kayaks". I wanted a boat with good all around performance for my own use. It needed to be "sporty" with quick acceleration and maneuverability. It needed to be comfortable and easy to paddle to the places I wanted to be. After iterating through several different designs this is the one I have settled on. With a shallow V bottom and fairly hard chines the Guillemot is comfortably stable and maneuverable. The volume is brought well into the ends for a smooth ride over waves. The low lines of the deck keep the boat out of the breeze for good balance in cross winds. 17'x 21" (520cm x 53cm), 35lbs - 45lbs depending on construction. For day trips, overnight camping.



Guillemot "Expedition Single"

Guillemot Expedition Single: With the same cross section and similar profile shape as the Guillemot, the Expedition Single has many of the same handling characteristics as the shorter Guillemot. The length of the Expedition Single provides volume for gear and efficient long distance paddling. Although this kayak may appear long for a single, it is not unwieldy in handling. With a moderately hard chine to help it carve a turn, it is very responsive. Like all the Guillemot designs it is stable for its width and has a smooth transition from initial to final stability. Novices are comfortable with its stability, and experienced paddlers are impressed with its performance. 19'x 21" (580cm x 53cm), 38lbs - 48lbs depending on construction. For extended expeditions, larger paddlers.

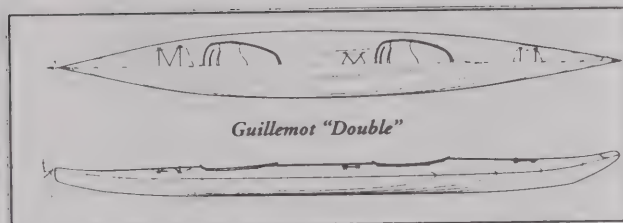
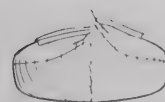


The Guillemot "Play"

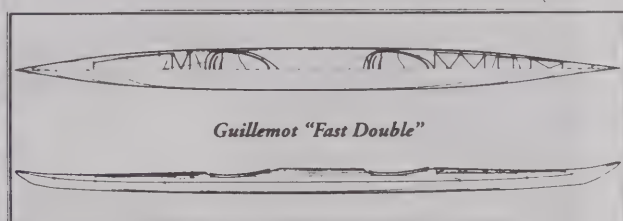
Guillemot Play: This is a low volume fun "play" boat. It turns easily with a steering stroke like a white-water boat, yet tracks quite well. This boat is probably best suited for a small paddler because there is very little knee room. My 6'2" brother has had a lot of fun in this boat so a larger paddler can fit in, but it is best suited to smaller paddlers. All the Guillemots roll well but this design is the easiest to roll. The low aft deck permits the paddler to lean way back and easily touch his head to the aft-deck. This is a good boat for surfing. 16-1/2'x 22" (500cm x 56cm), 33lbs - 40lbs depending on construction. For playing, day trips, small paddlers.

How About You?

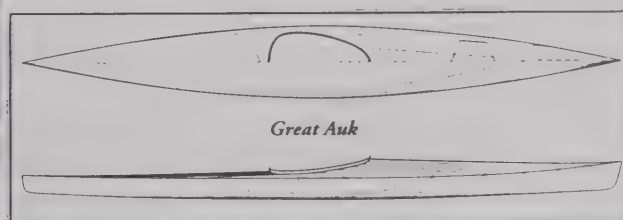
Are you a designer and/or builder of interesting small boats like Nick Schade? Would you like to tell our readers about your boats? We have the room if you have the information to fill it. We know there is a lot more happening in small boat design and building than we can personally hope to chronicle in person and still keep production going here, so we leave it to you, the designer/builder, professional or amateur, to let us know what it is you are doing. Interested? Write to me at *Messing About in Boats*, 29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984-1943, or call me at (978) 774-0906 and take your chances on finding me near the phone. There's no machine.



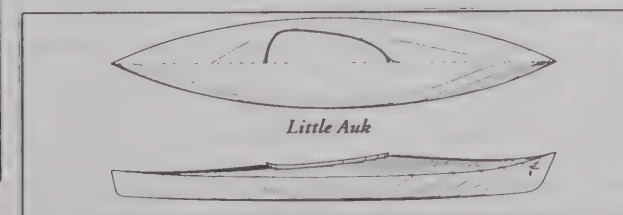
Guillemot Double: This design is an adaptation of my Guillemot design to a roomy double. This is a fast, stable, comfortable boat. I drew the stern to accept a rudder but it is not required. The cockpits are quite far apart, permitting the paddlers to be out of sync. There is also room for a hatch between the cockpits. This is a good boat for a relaxing paddle with a friend. 20' x 28" (610cm x 71cm), 65 - 80lbs depending on construction. For roomy and comfortable double paddling, overnight camping.



Guillemot Fast Double: This design is the answer to a question to myself, "What would the Expedition Single look like stretched to make a double?" It is a fast, fun boat. The width is the same as the Expedition Single at 21". Although this boat may appear a little unstable, its 25' 6" length gives it good stability. This is a boat for a pair of experienced paddlers who want to paddle together but don't want the compromises of a shorter and wider double. This is not intended as a racing boat, it is a high performance touring kayak. 25-1/2' x 21" (780cm x 53cm), 70lbs - 85lbs depending on construction. For fast touring, camping.



Great Auk: This is a roomy, fast and stable kayak and tracks very straight. The long waterline and clean entry permits it to cut through the water with a barely visible wake. The flared bow gives a very dry ride, lifting over most waves with little effort. This is by far the most stable single I offer and probably the fastest. It is the easiest design to build, with a fairly simple shape. This is a good all-around boat for someone wanting a stable, fast kayak. This boat is designed to accept a rudder but it is not required. 17' x 24" (518cm x 61cm), 40lbs to 50lbs depending on construction. For touring, camping.



Little Auk: This little boat is designed for someone who wants a light, easy to handle, paddle boat of distinctive character. Its small size makes it easy to put on the roof of a car or on deck of a yacht and transport it to explore your favorite lake or harbor. Once there, you will be able to gunkhole into places inaccessible by any other boat. Its stability assures that it is not an adventure just sitting in it. 11' x 28" (335cm x 71cm), 25lbs to 35lbs depending on construction. For sheltered exploring.



Bolger on Design AS 29... An Unsolicited Testimonial

Dear Eric,

Good to receive your letter regarding AS 29. Overall, I'm very happy with this concept of craft. I launched in April 1993 and have been living aboard these last few years. I've become very accustomed to her, and I think wild horses would have to drag me off! Then again, I live solo and find her very comfortable and homely.

I reply to your questions: It took about two years to build. Hours didn't count, but there's quite a bit of time in building it properly. Worked somewhere between part and full time. Cost \$25,000 (Australian) to launch, but I've put another \$5,000 into her since then. Now complete with GPS (Garmin 1201), Autohelm 4000, CD, stereo, colour TV, brass lamps, pumps (water), VHF, 27 mg, etc., and drogue. (Sounds like about \$20,000 U.S. would launch a good boat.) Also solar panels (2 x 45 Watt) which hinge (ingeniously) off the cockpit backrests, they fit in with a half inch to spare each end, and sun awning over bridge deck and cabin suspended by throat halyard and mizzen halyard atop mizzen sprit.

I'd be very wary of modifying the design at all, except for small details. Forward hatch I made central which was offset on plan (perhaps an oversight), widened shower walls to be in line with bunks, forward sink remains the same. Ice box smaller to fit in front of steps, galley wider than plan to be in line with port bunk (more room in galley), three sliding drawers below sink, shelf above galley in lieu of shelf in front of bulkhead, water storage

behind steps (three jerry cans), and three more port side adjacent to battery (in plan position), sliding drawer below second step from top (above jerry cans). Pretty well everything else to plan. I feel, after living aboard, that all modifications paid off, provided better access, and a bit more room. Also widened opening to Bulkhead E (port side) to be in line with port bunk, a good move.

No major difficulties in construction except be very careful making the bilge board cases. They must be fibreglassed completely (glass before assembly) with several layers of 6-oz. cloth around lower joins. I stress these MUST not leak or you've got major reconstruction work. I put six layers around lower joins to take abrasion of the boards (perhaps overkill). Allow for a bit more spacing of cases to allow for heavy glass lay-up (say 1/2" maximum).

Fibreglassed the whole boat; hull, decks, cabin, hatches, etc., all with 6-oz. cloth and epoxy resin (try to find a low toxicity epoxy if possible). I used heavy biaxial on the bottom and this added a lot of weight, so I've only got about 1520 pounds ballast (including concrete). Strongly suggest launching boat before ballasting; it's then you can settle her to her lines with lead ingots encased in concrete. Fiberglass bottom with 10-oz. as Phil suggests in plans, my bottom is ridiculously strong. Fiberglassing all over is worth doing, hang the expense. Epoxy saturation of inside with clear polyurethane and white completes the internal structure. I painted bulkheads white before assembly.

Sails just great. Downwind a dream, upwind nearly as good except occasional pound from the odd wave, nothing to worry about. Sails very close to the wind. Performance generally excellent, handles rough water very

Matt Nash of New South Wales, Australia, wrote the following in response to an inquiry from a couple who were thinking of building one of our AS 29 "Advanced Sharpies." We have several of these unsolicited testimonials, just the other day we got one from a total novice at both building and sailing, who built her in Norway and wrote us from Paris on his way to the Mediterranean. Yesterday we heard that Dan Farmer is well on his way south from the Chesapeake on his "retirement cruise" in his AS 29, and Tim Fatchen in Australia is readying his recently acquired AS 29 for the southern summer. Anybody should be able to make up her own scenarios of places these boats can go and things they can do that the currently standard cruisers cannot.

All these deep draft (that is more than two feet) "cruisers" are going to look rather odd in the future, confined to crowded, dredged anchorages and marked channels as they are, and barred from good hurricane holes by their towering fixed masts. Those radio mast rigs are also intolerable offshore, listen to them scream when it blows, indicating serious drag, and usually the wrong way!

As for the sea keeping ability of shallow hulls, it's said they "have a grip on the sea." Say rather that the sea has a grip on them! The shallow boat, with high buoyancy and low center of gravity, has as good a range of stability as most keel boats, and takes much less punishment from the waves. Sure, they have comparatively less nominal sail carrying capacity, but owners report no loss in on-the-water competitiveness, rather the contrary, and shallow hulls with limited variable wetted surface need less pushing to get them to move along smartly. This is no new insight, it's simply the doctrine of Commodore Munroe and his "good little ships" of the 1890s.

comfortably, the hard chine and full bow the main factors here. Hull so easily driven that a reef or two in the main does not inhibit performance, even if undercanvassed. With boards up downwind, she's a delight.

Singlehanding is all I do, not for lack of friends but because I prefer it. Solo sailing is excellent for overcoming psychological barriers (such as fear, loneliness, etc.). Last week I sailed from Sydney to Port Stephens, back to my base on a farm 20 kilometers up the Kambah River, had to lower masts (an easy process) to get under bridge. The combination of extremely shallow draft plus the mast lowering ability is just amazing, one can go virtually anywhere and it's no problem if you go aground as she just sits there, the ultimate in cruising versatility. This last trip was perfect downwind conditions with a 5-knot average in 12-15 knot winds.

Very well balanced. Sometimes the rudder is slow to respond, yet this is mainly due to wind strength too high for amount of sail and time to reef. Also, rudder is shallow and therefore less efficient than a deeper one, but the end plate reduces tip losses so it's generally quite responsive. Tacks very fast. I think it's better to have a rudder where you don't have to worry about hitting bottom (especially crossing a bar) than a deeper one. Weather helm negligible, I built rudder from 316 S.S. and shaft, worth doing. Accommodations excellent, especially since modifications. Headroom in non-galley areas are fine. Two people could comfortably live on this boat, although they would HAVE to be good friends. Don't think I'd change anything here. Perhaps extend cabin to be above after end of table, but you'd lose the ability to open forward hatch when shoebox is on deck. No, don't think I'd want to lose that.

Build shoebox light, 1/4" bottom, 3/16" everything else. In fact, try to build AS 29 light. Half-inch ply for everything is good with 1" bottom, maybe make drawers out of 1/4" ply. Select light, seasoned, clear timber. I used Douglas fir, probably much better than western red cedar, which has nowhere near the strength. Keep weight down by not being too liberal with epoxy resin, although cloth must be just wet out. Microballoons (Q-cells) for fairing.

Children, I guess it depends on how many, ages, and one's degree of tolerance. Short-term I say they'd be all right, if they got too much there's always the Shoebox!

Another modification: Dorade boxes (fore and aft) have removable 1/4" Perspex to close off when at sea. Water had previously gotten into bilge in rough weather.

Pounding at anchor is about the only drawback, but lately I've been using a bridle from the chain/rope shackle to the mizzen post. This deflects the bow chop to a tolerable degree, otherwise the pounding can be noisy and resonant. Often it's calm so there's no problem, at a marina there's usually protection. If it's really rough, it's better to move to a protected bay. I've tried a surf mat under the bow, which works well but can be a hassle setting up, and they work loose. If the boat is held virtually broadside, the resonant thumps are minimized so that in a chop she can be reasonably quiet, does tend to rock athwartships a bit.

Right now have 12 gallons fuel and 25 gallons water aboard plus food, under sail with one or two in cockpit she levels up so

that the bow has 8" clearance. This, I feel, is about right with present provisions aboard.

Square bow no problem. No spray thrown if she is built not too heavy. I have about 7-1/2" clearance under bow and 8-1/2" under stern. I've just taken off all tools, most books, and dinghy off. If one could build one with 9" clearance, she would be a gem. There's a regatta coming up (New Year's), so I've taken most weight off. Did not add a pointed bow but am still very tempted to sculpt a light-weight figurehead, at Phil's suggestion. Trouble is I'm not a Michelangelo.

Never trailed the boat except to launch her on an old \$100 wooden farm trailer behind a prime mover. Handled the road almost as well as she does water.

One person can easily lower the masts.

Bilgeboards work perfectly, use Butyl mastic behind S.S. plates, not Sikaflex (too adhesive).

I use a Mercury 9.9hp longshaft. The Yamaha 4-stroke 9.9 would be much more economical and efficient, although it's a bit heavier, about 20 pounds.

Try to use 316 grade stainless steel (especially ballast bolts and tabernacle posts).

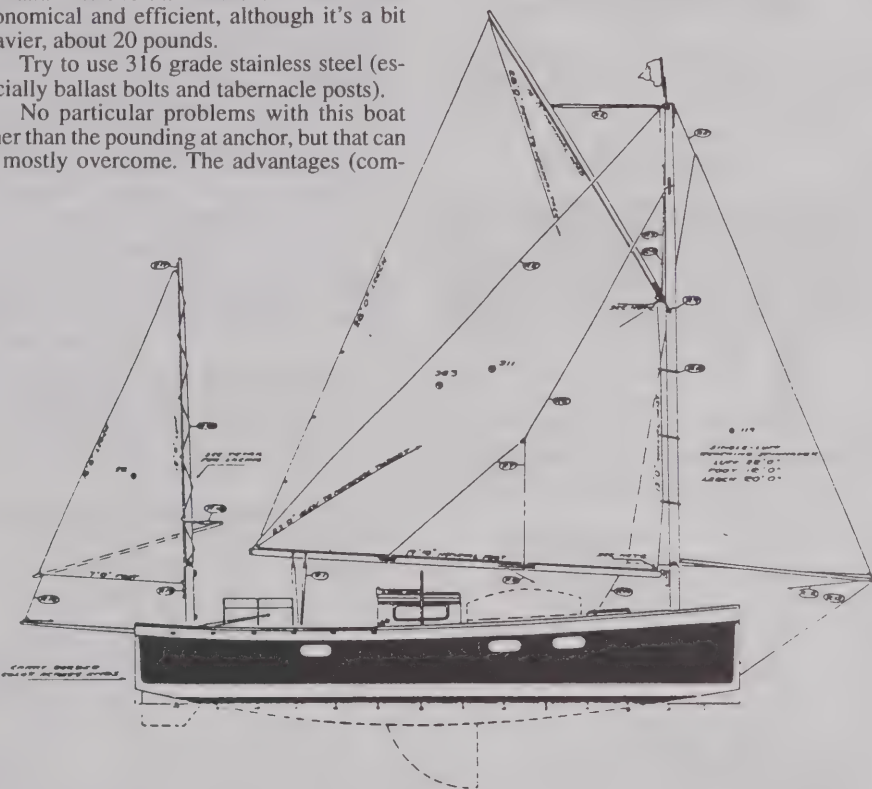
No particular problems with this boat other than the pounding at anchor, but that can be mostly overcome. The advantages (com-

bined) of this boat easily overwhelm any disadvantages. A few people have offered to buy her, but I refuse to sell. The boat is too good for that. I still think it's hard to find something with so many virtues and so few drawbacks.

Addendum: I raised the cockpit well a bit (1") at the forward end (less likely to bump head) and cut out support stringers, glassed inside and out for strength.

Finally, I advise on building her light, yet strong. Try to obtain advice from good local shipwright on materials, especially timber sources and epoxy resin. AS 29 is simple construction, but it's still quite a lot of work and does demand a lot of your time during construction. Plans are very clear and Meccano-like. All the best if you decide to go ahead. I cannot speak re suitability of this boat for anyone else, but I am very pleased and intend to keep her as long as possible.

Regards, Matt Nash



Nine years of sporadic ruminations, and some stimulation from would-be owners, led to what I boastfully named the Advanced Sharpie. (The design represented final emancipation from Howard Chapelle's tutelage and some justification of the great pains he took with my education. A lot of Ray Hunt's influence survived.) Those two, and Francis Herreshoff, shaped my style, which is ironic since they all despised each other. Hunt, who never knew that I existed, had the longest-lasting effect by the example he set of a technical open mind.

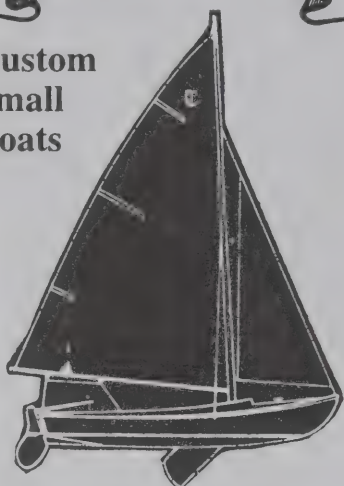
Advanced Sharpie 29 is 4 feet longer than Jessie on about the same midsection. The added length allowed sleeping-length settees and more stowage space. The rudder was brought inboard, clear of a shipshape centerline engine installation but in a free-flooding well to avoid the problems of rudder trunks. The mainmast was moved ahead of the cabin, to be centered in a tabernacle, with the bow opened out for the swing of the counterweighted heel of the mast.

The daggerboard was replaced by a pivoting bilgeboard in a similar but wider trunk. The geometry of the bilgeboard made it too shallow, so I duplicated it on the other side.

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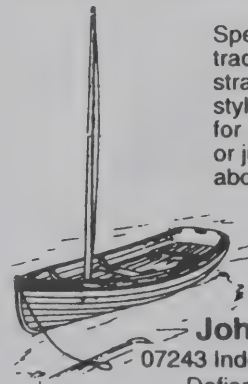
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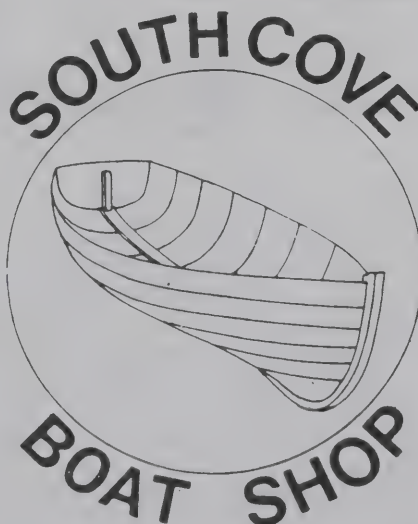
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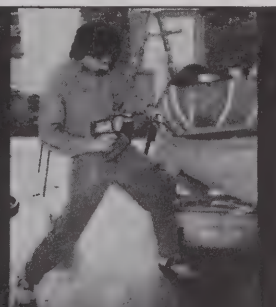
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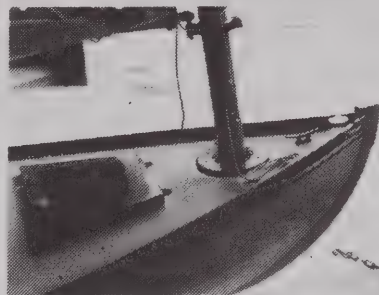
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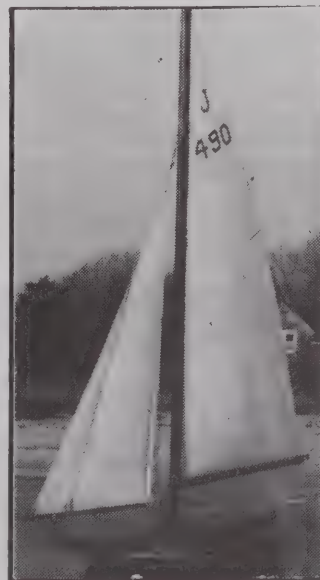
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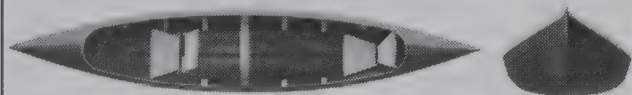
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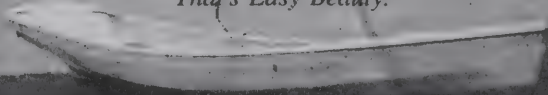
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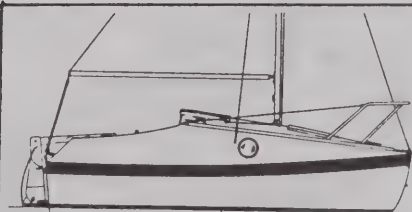
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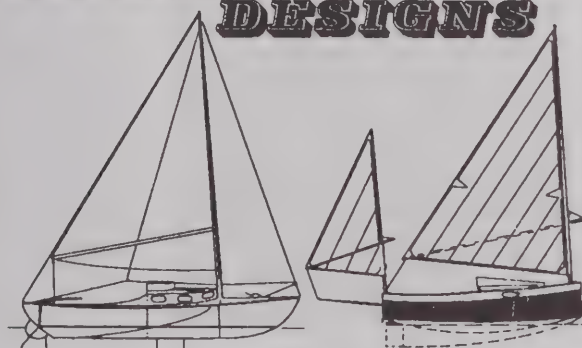
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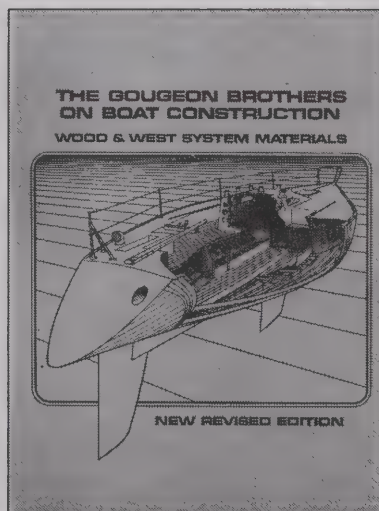
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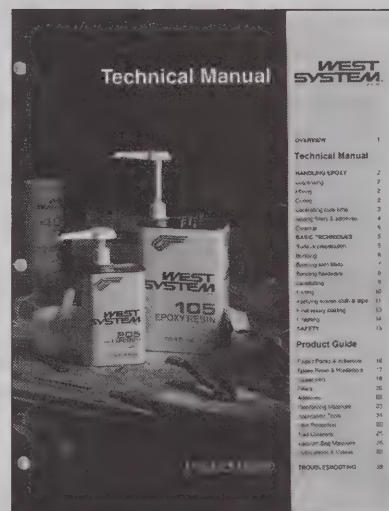
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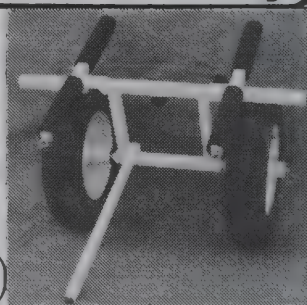
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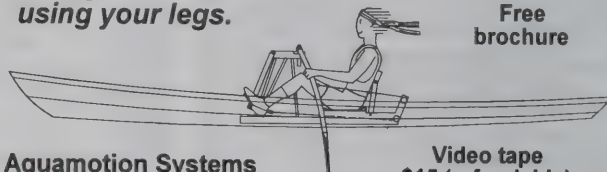
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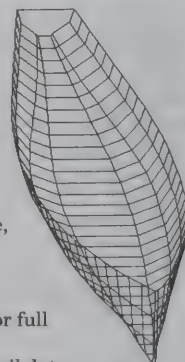
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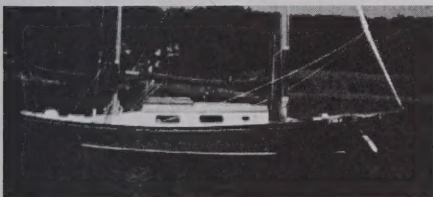
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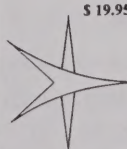
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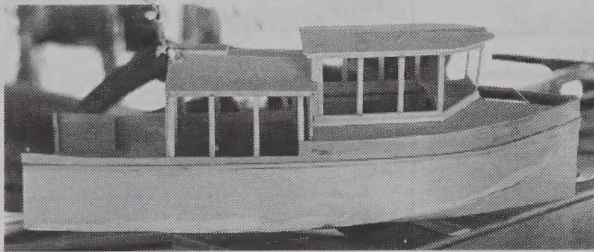


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